THE LIVING AGE

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for June, 1936

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THE GUIDE POST

OF THE comparatively small number of European scholars whose names have attained a wide currency outside their native countries, one of the best known is certainly André Siegfried. Professor at the Collège de France and author of numerous books, including *England's Crisis* and *America Comes of Age*, Mr. Siegfried has commanded large audiences in both England and the United States. A few months ago he paid a visit to these shores, and upon his return to France he wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an extended discussion of the causes and consequences of our present economic recovery as he saw them. Under the title of 'America's Crisis' we translate the greater—and to Americans the more interesting—part of this discussion. [p. 290]

THE section which follows Mr. Siegfried's article consists of three French views of Germany. In the first of them an anonymous General reports the results of a survey of the German 'military potential': in case of war, will her available supplies of raw materials enable her to continue fighting in the face of possible sanctions and blockades, or will her 'home front' collapse as soon as her reserve stocks are exhausted? On the answer to this question, which is given without equivocation in the article, the fate of all Europe may someday depend. [p. 301]

IN THE second article of this group, a French journalist who has done much good work in the field returns to the subject of the 'arms international.' Regular readers of THE LIVING AGE will recall the Briey basin scandal, which we brought to the attention of the American public some years ago. The Briey basin is an area rich in iron ore. It lies south of Luxembourg and west of the Saar. During the war it was, of course, behind the German lines, and consequently it served as one of the Central Powers' chief sources of iron. The French might easily have bombed it and thus have shortened the war. But they never even attempted to do so—because, it is said, the mines belonged to the Comité des Forges, which did not want to have its property injured, and was powerful enough in French Government circles to see that it was not injured, whatever the cost, in human lives, of keeping it inviolate.

However that may be, today the Briey basin is again a part of France; and it still belongs to the Comité des Forges. Business there has been more than usually brisk of late. Mr. Allard tells why. [p. 307]

AND in chapter three a Swiss journalist, Dr. Max Rychner, meets a Frenchman visiting Cologne and reports his pensive reflections on the essential similarity of the heavy, plodding and somewhat humorless Germans and the unsystematic and volatile French. [p. 311]

NEXT we have a group of four short pieces from England. In the first of them Mr. Clive Bell, the well-known art critic, makes some rather caustic comments about the interior decorations of the *Queen Mary*. By way of a footnote to his remarks, we print the following from the *New Statesman and Nation:*—

'As long ago as April, 1935, Mr. Duncan Grant was commissioned by the Cunard Company not only to paint decorations for the lounge, but to design a carpet and textiles for the upholstery. After consultation with the company's architect he accepted. In the middle of last summer he submitted sketches, which were criticized, discussed and approved. In the autumn, when the decorations themselves were nearly complete, the company made

(*Continued on page 376*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

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The World Over

MUSSOLINI'S victory in Ethiopia marks, principally, the close of a chapter in British foreign policy. During the past year two rival groups in the British Cabinet have been pulling in opposite directions and creating a deadlock which the new rearmament program brings to an end. The group represented by Anthony Eden has tried to use the League of Nations to defend British imperial interests both in Africa and Europe. The group represented by Sir Samuel Hoare has not hesitated to use the popularity of the League with the British electorate to advance the cause of the Conservative party at the polls while at the same time they were seeking to break away from the League. The Eden group emphasized the importance of the League as the chief prop of the *status quo* and exaggerated the Italian threat to British interests because they feared the German threat at some future date and wanted to strengthen the prestige of the League at the expense of Italy. But the anti-League faction not only distrusted the League; they favored Italy, partly because Mussolini had crushed Communism, partly because he represented white prestige in Africa, and partly because they hoped to gain his support against Hitler.

NOT ONLY is the British Cabinet split into pro-League and anti-League factions; it is also split into pro-German and anti-German groups. Most of the pro-League faction opposes Hitler and believes that he will threaten the peace and British interests before Communist Rus-

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sia does. Most of the anti-League group, on the other hand, favors an understanding with Hitler and believes in giving him a free hand against the U. S. S. R., Austria and Czechoslovakia. But the Labor Party, which advocated oil sanctions against Italy, urges reconciliation with Germany, while some of the Die-Hard Conservatives, such as Churchill and the Chamberlains, who never demanded Mussolini's scalp, fear Berlin more than they do Moscow.

Events in Africa have settled the League controversy: henceforth Britain will act alone. The sanctionists and the anti-sanctionists, the pro-Italians and the anti-Italians, the pro-Leaguers and the anti-Leaguers have all been liquidated. Henceforth the chief question confronting British foreign policy will be Germany.

It is too early to announce that the anti-German clique has carried the day. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, who defended Mussolini's course, now pleads for an understanding with Hitler—significantly enough, in Western Europe only. Mr. Garvin speaks for important elements in the Conservative Party and carries weight. There is also a considerable body of pacifist Labor opinion which believes that Germany has just grievances and which distrusts Communism in any shape or form. But the London *Economist*, speaking for the more progressive Conservatives in the financial district, has been emphasizing Germany's contempt for British vacillations and the desire of the Dominions for a strong foreign policy. Its Berlin correspondent writes:—

> Being themselves given to posing as more valiant than they really are, German rulers do not understand the Hamlet-like sighs of London that the world is out of joint and that tame Great Britain is merely the virtuous and despairing onlooker; and they have grounds for smiling when a British Prime Minister, in order to obscure a war-scandal in which the anti-German Powers are the culprits, informs the world that it is Herr Hitler who can best achieve pacification. They have very good reasons for concluding that Great Britain is afraid to fight for her own, not to mention the collective, interest; and while they would admit that this is a reassuring, if a novel, condition in British history, they ask why, such being the shameful case, Great Britain expanded the purely local Abyssinian dispute in order to bring peril on herself and to set Europe by the ears.

An editorial in the same journal concludes as follows:—

> In fine, the British Empire cannot survive if the United Kingdom persists in the policy, laid down by Mr. Baldwin's Government, that we will not take the initiative in the international crisis. A heritage of greatness cannot be repudiated with impunity. For the English in 1936, 'a craven fear of being great' means national suicide.

SOURCES inside Germany speak with more authority and sometimes with more deadly effect than émigrés concerning what goes on behind the Nazi dictatorship. The Statistical Year Book for 1935, for example,

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shows that during 1933, the latest year for which figures are available, nearly 19,000 people committed suicide and that nearly 16,000 others fell victims to 'unspecified or insufficiently explained causes of death.' During 1933, too, 1698 people were found guilty of high treason as compared with 230 the year before, and over 7700 individuals were found guilty in regular courts of political crimes that did not even figure on the statute books in 1932.

Figures on military and naval expenses are more up-to-date but less specific. During the fiscal year of 1934–35 armament and propaganda expenses ate up approximately half the national budget. Since then, the need for raw materials has overshadowed even the financial difficulties. Today aluminum from the Balkans and stainless or galvanized steel, domestically produced, are replacing copper, which is no longer used for roofing, cooking and serving utensils in homes and factories, nor for many electrical appliances. Bergius, who discovered how to extract oil from coal, is still experimenting, and other scientists have developed synthetic rubber. Their products not only cost more to produce and function less efficiently than the real thing; they are manufactured in a few factories. In the event of war a few successful air-raids could put Germany's sources of substitute materials out of business and cripple the nation more in a week than the submarine campaign crippled England in a year. In view of all these factors, only the most desperate domestic crisis would persuade Hitler to resort to war in the near future.

THE ELEVATION OF GÖRING to the post of economic dictator which Dr. Schacht used to occupy constitutes, among other things, a victory for those who want to devalue the mark and produce an inflationary boom. Indeed the Berlin stock market was anticipating devaluation before Schacht's prestige received its sudden jolt. On the day that German troops marched into the Rhineland, stock prices actually rose, and, although they sagged during the ensuing week, within a month they had advanced again. The issues most in demand, however, were not armament shares, which would naturally profit from military construction in the Rhineland area, but the hitherto neglected industries—public utilities, potash companies, and textiles. For the tendency has arisen in recent weeks to invest money in sound companies and real estate and to get rid of bonds and cash—a sure sign of inflation ahead.

Meanwhile the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has been conducting a private inquiry into the profit-earning capacity of German industry between 1932, the depth of the depression, and 1935. It finds that hourly wage-rates have declined 5 per cent while total payments in salaries and wages have risen 21 per cent. Prices of home-produced raw materials have advanced 38 per cent, and of imported raw materials 13 per cent. Industrial

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output has risen 64 per cent but output of consumers' goods has advanced only 14 per cent, while production of new plant equipment (production goods) has advanced 113 per cent. Profits have mounted 23 per cent. Unemployment continues to fall and stood at just under two million in March, 1936, as compared with almost two and a half million the year before.

THE COLLAPSE of the Phoenix Insurance Company of Austria parallels the collapse of the Credit Anstalt, which preceded it by almost exactly five years. In both cases high officials committed suicide; in both cases important political maneuvers followed a private business scandal. The collapse of the Credit Anstalt led to the bank failures in Germany and to the fall of the pound. The collapse of the Phoenix Insurance Company prepares the way for Hitler to destroy Austrian independence with the aid of Prince Starhemberg and his private army, the Heimwehr. Jubilant dispatches in the Nazi press and alarmist reports in Communist organs indicate that Nazi influence, working in collaboration with Starhemberg against Chancellor Schuschnigg, dynamited the Phoenix Company and tried to blame the failure on Jewish members of the firm. The stage was set for a second Stavisky affair and a Fascist *coup d'état*, such as nearly occurred in France after the riots of February, 1934.

The Nazis and Starhemberg planned to strike while Schuschnigg was visiting Prague and Rome, but he balked their plans by rushing back to Vienna with proof that leaders of Starhemberg's Heimwehr troops had taken bribes from the Phoenix. He then discomfited them further by introducing conscription. This move, however, had wider implications than the Phoenix affair. It was decided upon in Rome, where Schuschnigg, who takes orders from Mussolini, agreed not to throw in his lot with the Little Entente. Meanwhile Starhemberg remains the man to watch as Hitler's probable under-cover man in the Austrian Government.

THE EXPERIENCE of Belgium since its currency was devalued in March, 1935, shows what advocates of a similar course in France may expect. Back in 1926 the Belgians stabilized their franc at a lower level than the French franc, and within ten years both countries were talking further devaluation. While France continued to talk, Belgium acted, and within a year considerable recovery had occurred. Interest rates have dropped; bond prices as well as stock prices have risen; exports increased 19 per cent in quantity and imports 7 per cent. Between March, 1935, and January, 1936, wholesale prices had risen 25 per cent, which is less than the proportion of currency devaluation. The cost of living mounted 13 per cent, while wages, as usual, lagged behind, the pay of

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civil servants having increased only 3 per cent. But from the point of view of the propertied classes and their economic system devaluation has proved a blessing. Electrical output has risen 20 per cent, coal production 13 per cent, and most of the basic Belgian industries, including steel, have recorded similar progress. The most important index of all—employment—has risen too.

SPAIN'S BALEARIC ISLANDS, once the last refuge of American fugitives from vulgarity, have become a center of international intrigue. No less than eleven million pounds, not accounted for either in the Spanish or the local budget, have gone into secret fortifications, consisting of British guns which arrive on British ships under the supervision of British officers. A year ago the Majorcan police arrested one of these officers, a certain Captain Kame, and when the Madrid government ordered his release, the Majorcans threatened to tell what he was doing. Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, which had sent a lawyer to defend the incarcerated captain, fell strangely silent at the same time. British money has also deepened the harbor at Port Mahon and presumably pays the upkeep of four Spanish submarines and four cruisers which have been sent to protect the Balearic Islands, although the naval budget does not provide for their expenses.

The general purpose of these activities is, of course, to protect the Mediterranean trade route from England to India. But they also have a specific aim. In recent months Italy has been equipping the little island of Pantellaria, sixty miles from Sicily and fifty miles from Tunis, with guns which enable it to command the sea route on either side. Pantellaria has become a stationary, unsinkable battleship of rock, virtually impregnable to attack and without any inconvenient civilian population. Thus, if Italy can block England's route to India from Pantellaria, England can block Italy's route to the Atlantic from the Balearic Islands.

GIOVANNI GIGLIO, Rome correspondent of the Laborite *Daily Herald* of London, has a low opinion of Mussolini and the Ethiopian war. Because he allowed his views to creep into his dispatches, the authorities ejected him from the country. Once out he told all. Not only are the war and the régime unpopular among the Italian masses; they 'understand' that, win or lose, Italy's export trade will be 'negligible' for 'the next twenty years at least.' This preposterous statement lays some of Mr. Giglio's other excursions into the field of wishful thinking open to question; but there seems to be no reason to doubt that the prices of oil, sugar, coffee, butter, bacon, codfish, fruit, and vegetables doubled during the first four months of 1936. Here is his interpretation of the League's failure to apply oil sanctions against Italy:—

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Everybody realized that if the Italian War Office could no longer receive its oil supplies from abroad, Badoglio's army of 300,000 men in Abyssinia would be forced in a few months to suspend hostilities.

As usual, Mussolini played his trump card, namely, bluff.

He first ordered the Ministry of Press and Propaganda to circulate the rumor that if the oil sanction was applied, Italy would walk out of the League.

This rumor was later denied in reply to inquiries by one or two foreign correspondents, but its place was taken by the story that Italy would retaliate with denouncing the agreement signed by Mussolini and Laval in Rome in February, 1935.

When Mussolini was sure, by flying these and similar kites, that the French Government was scared, he called the French Ambassador in Rome, and asked him to inform Laval that Italy would regard oil sanctions as an act of 'profound enmity' which would lead to 'grave complications' in Europe.

Whether Laval saw through Mussolini's bluff or not, he convinced Sir Samuel Hoare that the Duce meant business. The rest is history.

JAPAN TODAY offers many parallels with Germany in 1914. Both countries had doubled their populations and industrialized themselves in less than a century; in both countries the birth rate was declining, although the population continued to rise. Professor Teijiro Uyeda of the Tokyo University of Commerce takes this comparison as the text of a sermon urging his country to make bilateral trade agreements and to avoid the free trade doctrines of nineteenth century England and the gospel of self-sufficiency preached in the Third Reich. Between 1920 and 1930 the proportion of Japanese supported by agriculture fell from 50 per cent to 45 per cent, and Professor Uyeda estimates that between 1930 and 1950 the number of Japanese able to engage in productive labor will increase by 10 millions. He insists that his country's statesmen take an international view of their economic problems:—

To take wool, for instance: Japan imports it from Australia to the value of 150 million yen a year. In order to obtain this much wool, 30 million head of an improved species of sheep would be required. It would be the height of absurdity to imagine that so much wool-bearing livestock can ever be raised in Manchuria and Mongolia. Things are similar with regard to other raw materials.

From this point of view it may be said that Japanese industry exists on a life-line extending from Texas out to British India and Australia. With regard to export markets for Japanese manufactures, they are so widely distributed over the world that it is out of the question to try to concentrate them in Asia. Nobody would ever think of selling as much silk to China as Japan is selling to the United States. Such being the state of affairs, the industrialization which Japan is bound to accomplish as an inevitable sequel of her problems can never be possible except on broad international lines. It is therefore more comprehensible that Japan today turns back to the principle of free trade.

He does not, however, urge the old fashioned free-trade policy that

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Secretary Hull has imposed on the United States; rather does he urge bilateral agreements, such as George Peek vainly advocated, to exchange one surplus for another. Japan and India worked out an agreement to exchange raw cotton and textiles on this basis, and Professor Uyeda wants more arrangements of the same kind.

A. E. BLANCO, director of the Anti-Opium Information Bureau in Geneva, has written an article for the Nationalist *People's Tribune* of Nanking, revealing the extent of the drug traffic in China. He recalls a Chinese Government Report of 1928 stating that 1 million of the 11 million inhabitants of Shansi Province were drug addicts and spent $100,000,000 a year in Chinese currency on narcotics. Since 1928 drug consumption has increased throughout China, especially in the areas occupied by the Japanese, who are systematically doping millions of Chinese with legalized narcotics. Mr. Blanco quotes official figures to the effect that there are 210,000 addicts in Manchukuo as compared with 120,000 in the United States.

These addicts do not belong to the well-to-do classes. Heroin, the cheapest and most efficacious drug, has dropped steadily in price, and Mr. Blanco reports that when he was in Harbin it was 'a daily occurrence' for him 'to pass on the way to my office the bodies of three or four coolies, whose resistance had been undermined by drugs, and who had paid the penalty with their life.' The International Labor Office also states that opium smoking 'is most widespread among workers in the most arduous occupations.'

WHEN THE DELHI CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* devotes a whole column to the prospects of Socialism in India and then writes daily accounts of the disputes over Socialism in the all-powerful Congress Party, one suspects that India is entering a pre-revolutionary period. Today Socialists claim that they represent one third of the Congress Party; certainly they are strong at the top, for Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, President of the Congress Party, now tells his followers that 'the only solution of India's problems lies in socialism, involving vast revolutionary changes in the political and social structure and ending vested interests in land and industry.' But Nehru agrees with the more moderate members of the Congress Party that nationalism must come first; and, since the Party derives much of its income from rich Indians who want only to be free of English rule, no immediate uprisings should be expected. As for Gandhi, the man who persuaded Hindus and Moslems to work together in the Congress Party, he devotes himself entirely to organizing the peasants, improving their economic condition, and destroying some of their superstitions.

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A famous French economist, of decidedly conservative leanings, gives his views on 'recovery' in these United States.

America's CRISIS

By André Siegfried

Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris
Conservative Bi-Monthly

THERE is no denying that a business recovery has been in progress for several months in the United States. Certain qualified observers claim that it has been increasingly apparent since the end of 1934. Last summer and autumn the automobile industry showed steady signs of revival; it could be felt in the air of Detroit, air charged with economic oxygen. In the West, farmers helped by the Government's agricultural policy (the famous AAA, since invalidated by the Supreme Court) sell their products at better prices than they have fetched for a long time, spend more liberally, and declare themselves satisfied with the situation. Wherever one turns, it is easy to see signs of growing activity. Wall Street records, or perhaps anticipates, the activity by a rise, doubtless speculative in a sense and perhaps tainted by a sort of financial distrust, but still by a persistent rise in prices. The index number of seventy selected industries, which stood at 126 in June, 1934, had risen to 136 by December, 1935. In short, the past year shows more definite signs of recovery than have ever been observed during the somber hours of the crisis. The Federal Reserve Board's figures show that industrial production in 1935 surpassed that of 1934 by 13 per cent. By comparison with the low-water mark of 1932, American industrial progress can be estimated at approximately 60 per cent, which means that almost one-half of the ground lost since 1929, the record year, has been recovered.

These are the facts, the famous 'facts and figures' without which an American never feels entirely at ease in an argument. But apart from these figures, which we could continue to cite almost indefinitely, the national psychology reflects important changes. It is not that Americans believe that prosperity has returned; but they would not be surprised to see it coming 'around the corner,' according to the well-known formula. America, though still distrustful, and still shaken, is beginning to be herself again, that is,

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optimistic. Nothing so far has really changed our America!

This is the superficial impression one receives almost everywhere. Let us try to discover what this impression is based upon. This is the essential problem we must solve, since it is possible that this recovery might prove to be only a flash in the pan. The impression may, however, correspond to a profound change in the general economic trend and consequently mean a real improvement, one which is destined to endure.

The trade revival now in progress in the United States originates, at least partially, in the Government's systematically spendthrift policy, which may be seen in the failure to balance the budget. The accumulated deficit of the last four years amounts to 13 billion dollars. This deficit continues and doubtless will continue for a long time, if one may judge by the gigantic expenditures promised, demanded, and suggested on all sides. The uncertain effects of the AAA have provided the farmers with a vast purchasing power in the form of innumerable checks. The policy of public works, whose tempo has been considerably accelerated, extends subsidies, salaries, and benefits to every part of the country. Finally Congress has placed in the hands of one man, the President, the extraordinary power of spending as he deems best the enormous, astronomical sum of 4,800 million dollars, a sum so huge that its dimensions can hardly be conceived, so great that even the Government seems to feel some embarrassment in utilizing it.

In traveling through the country one gets the impression that everything possible has been done to get rid of this sum, though not with constant success. Any demand for money, no matter for whom or for what purpose, can reasonably expect a favorable reception. It has thus actually been possible to carry out the most useless and unnecessary work projects. In these circumstances one need not be surprised to see the amount of money in circulation; and the effect of this circulation on both purchases and sales creates a part, probably an important one, of that economic activity we have observed. Make no mistake: it is this policy, inspired by the doctrine of Government intervention in economic processes, which supports the economic recovery.

It is a singular fact that the platform of the Democratic Party in 1932 included as one of its planks the balancing of the budget and the curtailing of expenditures, in short, a retrenchment in the true Gladstonian manner. Nevertheless this inundation of credits, subsidies, premiums, indemnities, relief, and economic stimulants of all kinds characterizes more than anything else President Roosevelt's policy, and is an element in his program which public opinion accepts very readily. It has taken the Supreme Court's condemnation of that immense structure of laws, decrees and codes, which was the NRA, with hardly a murmur; without any specially vehement protests public opinion permitted that Court to disavow the AAA; but it is unlikely that it would support quite so cheerfully the abandonment of a financial policy consisting of countless expenditures. Under these conditions the Government, with the Presidential elections only a few months ahead, finds itself more or less obliged to leave the tap running. Even if the Administration

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were dismayed by the proportions of this budgetary orgy, neither the House of Representatives nor the Senate could reasonably be expected to have the same scruples, since their constituents are today, as always, convinced that America is a continent of 'unlimited resources' and that the United States Treasury is bottomless.

II

To obtain these fabulous sums, the Government must resort to constant borrowing. The budget is not balanced, and there is no possibility of balancing it, for the amount of money required by the program cannot be collected by taxation. It is a state of things similar to a wartime mobilization of all resources to one end, with the hope of readjustment when the crisis is past. The extreme ease with which the Government finds all the money it needs is remarkable. Borrowing passes almost unnoticed because it is so easy; the vast sums come, not from the public, but from the banks, and because of the abundance of bank deposits the rate of interest remains extremely low: less than ¼ per cent for short term loans, 1½ per cent to 1⅝ per cent for medium term loans, and less than 3 per cent for long term loans.

A European's common sense tells him that lack of confidence, and then panic, are bound to be the natural, inescapable results of a policy which laughs at balanced budgets and seems to possess, from the point of view of economic wisdom, a certain aura of immorality. But the experience of the past months proves that the Government's borrowing capacity is far from being exhausted. Despite a public debt which has grown from 19½ billions in 1932 to 30 billions today, and which will doubtless reach 35 billion dollars tomorrow, America, as contrasted with Europe, retains so great a margin of security that nobody feels any need to fear. After a few months in the atmosphere of the New World, a European critic loses all sense of proportion; he becomes American-minded, which means that he finds himself thinking that what would prove fatal in the Old World can do no harm to the New. He knows that a man of sixty must take better care of himself than a lad of twenty needs to.

Let us try to analyze the actual results of this policy of deliberate and chronic disequilibrium. When the Government borrows, credit is given to it in one of the banks, and through this credit the Government distributes checks to the recipients of its bounty. These beneficiaries, who are innumerable, spend this money, and at last the money comes back to the bank in the form of constantly accruing deposits. We had this cycle in France on the eve of the War. It does not really mean monetary inflation but rather credit inflation. If it does not actually create purchasing power out of nothing, it nevertheless amounts almost to the same thing.

It is important to remember that this potential inflation is being imposed upon a country which is still in the state of deflation that was so irresistible and general at the beginning of 1933. It is essential to remember this, and to keep in mind the existence of a gold reserve which, being naturally subject to continuous fluctuations, had risen to 10 billion dollars by the end of 1935, and which may be a basis for a new and formidable expan-

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sion of credit, as some fear. These latent resources, however, are today still in excess of the real needs of the country, and it is safe to say that the country seems neither desirous nor capable of absorbing or using them. The fact that loans extended to commercial enterprises show no increase is very significant. Many businesses in good financial order seem able to take care of their expenditures for equipment from their own reserves. Besides, a good share of speculation on the exchange is done by foreigners who carry on their operations by importing gold. It is not correct to say that there is no credit policy; this credit exists, but it comes from the Government itself rather than through the medium of private enterprise.

Thus we are forced to the conclusion that the recovery, in so far as it is the result of a financial policy, is an artificial phenomenon. It cannot endure longer than the tempo of Governmental expenditures can be maintained, and this tempo cannot be kept up unless borrowing remains a comparatively easy process.

For the time being the Government has no tremors about its continued ability to borrow. But the needs of the Treasury are far from lessening; they must, on the contrary, increase. Congress has recently voted veteran's bonuses which will cost 2 billion dollars. And who can guarantee that the Townsend Plan will not be adopted by the House of Representatives under the pressure of a well-organized lobby? If this occurs, the number of billions to be disbursed will defy the imagination.

There are indeed some clear-headed men who tremble when they envisage these possibilities, which seem to be only a product of our imagination and which nevertheless can very well become a reality one of these days. This is exactly what is being said by prudent persons who prefer to invest in stocks rather than in bonds because they fear another depreciation of the dollar. If the Government borrows mostly in short term loans, it is doubtless because neither the banks nor the public care to lend it their capital for a long term. You can see that there is lack of confidence; but there is little outward sign of it, and, curiously enough, it exists side by side with reborn confidence. But the American habit is to have confidence in oneself and to distrust the Government; Americans have few illusions on that score. They summarize what is going on as a sort of struggle, a race between the wealth of the country and the power of that wealth to withstand this orgy of spending.

If the Government should one day find it impossible to borrow, the consequences would be terrific, as the banking system is inextricably connected with Government credit. But one does not think of this possibility, and much water will flow under many bridges before it will be realized. Meanwhile President Roosevelt follows Nietzsche's advice: he lives dangerously.

III

Here we have one aspect of the situation. But there is another, perhaps a more important and at any rate a much more healthy one, which certainly justifies an optimistic view. The Government borrows and disburses dollars by the billion without even seeming to do so. Yet the sums it expends are small in comparison with

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the enormous mass of bank deposits in the country. These deposits, which for many complex reasons are prudently accumulated in the banks without being invested by them, will eventually be utilized and will then provide a firm basis for recovery. To liquefy these assets no artificial stimulus is needed, but rather a return to normal conditions in the economic organism. When such a return occurs, the natural course of events will bear the fortunes of the country on its rising tide. At the moment, the crisis, or depression, as it is called in the United States, seems to have exhausted most of its effects and repercussions in the North American continent. The economic thermometer now records not so much the fever of inflation as the low temperature which follows sickness and precedes convalescence. The favorable counterpart of this purge is, we must not forget it, the corresponding disappearance of the great load of debt which used to burden the system. A host of impracticable enterprises has fallen; imperfect as the liquidation of them has been, and retarded as it may have been by the New Deal, it has nevertheless occurred.

Against this background we see the outlines of many needed undertakings, upon which action has until now been deferred. During the five years of the depression construction has been slowed up, sometimes completely stopped; industrial equipment scantily cared for, rarely replaced. It is possible that the United States is now passing through a stage of industrial over-equipment; but from the statistical point of view it cannot be doubted that were the recovery ever so slight, a good part of the nation's industrial equipment would demand renovation; and if the tempo of the recovery were swift, the masses of the unemployed, whose numbers are perhaps exaggerated, would be reduced. These symptoms are displayed by the departments of economic activity where recovery, due to natural causes, is about to appear. And they are not those upon which most of the Governmental manna has been showered.

IV

What channels of consumption receive the stream of money expended by the Government as part of its plan for the stimulation of the national economic life? It is directed less toward heavy industry than toward the enterprises that minister directly to everyday consumption. Generally speaking, it is not the heavy industries which have benefited by the Governmental subsidies. In the recovery which has been evident up to now these heavy industries have been lagging behind. The industries which profit by this kind of financial irrigation are of another type. According to a recent bulletin of the National City Bank the industries which are at present the most active include: machine tools, automobiles, vacuum cleaners, mail order sales, petroleum production, hosiery, and so on. This is an interesting lesson, teaching us that a government may pour money into circulation but may be incapable of directing its subsidies to those points where they would do most good. In the opinion of the most reliable experts, recovery in the United States cannot be considered significant and lasting until the day when the industries which produce capital goods show renewed activity.

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How can this problem be solved? First of all, by taking measures that will lead to the investment of the frozen bank deposits in industries which are merely vegetating. Common sense will tell us that such investment will not take place until there is a hope of profit, and there can be little probability of such profit unless prices can be lowered to a level that will stimulate consumption, thus restoring to the masses the purchasing power they have lost. The Government's policy of intervention in industrial production works against this solution by maintaining prices on a high level.

For these reasons the end of the NRA caused no discouragement, but, on the contrary, brought new confidence to the business world. The industrialists and the merchants, that is to say the very social classes which are capable of contributing most directly to business recovery, could and did say to themselves after the verdict that the Constitution still stood as a bulwark of safety and that, after all, the principles of freedom of contract and free competition were still the foundation of the American economic system. The fear of another period of reform, in the sense of interventionism, would serve to counteract this lukewarm optimism. Hence the uncertainty, not only concerning the results of the coming Presidential election, but also about the President's intentions in case he is reëlected, remains a serious obstacle to a thorough revival of economic activity.

It is, however, easy to over-estimate the weight of any particular policy; the natural cyclic movement of the economic tides is likely to prove so much more important a factor than any policy. And it seems that the tide is about to turn, if it has not already done so without our being aware of it. Perhaps, when the dust of events has settled, we shall perceive that our so-called 'exceptional' economic crisis very much resembles other preceding crises, and may be assigned its place in the series of economic cycles.

History teaches us that price cycles also exist. Just before the war we had a cycle of rising prices, and for the last fifteen years we have been subjected to an irresistible downward pressure which has affected the entire world economy without a single country being able to escape it. Is it so unreasonable to think that a rise in prices may now be anticipated? They seem to have reached their lowest level in 1932, and a definite increase in gold production can be discerned at the present time. These are the symptoms, doubtless more important in their general scope than the policy of a President of the United States, even if the latter is called Roosevelt. But America forgets quickly: during the crisis she has forgotten prosperity; during the imminent prosperity she will forget even more quickly the crisis and the lesson it taught.

V

There are two parallel kinds of recovery. The first is the result of a definite policy, the second the consequence of an economic tide which this policy has not occasioned nor even hastened. Thus two types of recovery are at work at the same time, their courses parallel to each other. The Governmental expenditures play the rôle of the starter which is needed to set the motor going; but the machine must have gasoline if it is to continue

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running. You could not run an automobile with nothing but a starter, and that, after all, is what the President would be trying to do if he claimed to have instigated the recovery and to have sustained it without the conditions for its lasting and normal processes being fulfilled. The economic Renaissance, once set in motion, will benefit most by a policy of Governmental abstention. As for the kind of recovery which is caused by artificial stimulants, it would not be able to continue indefinitely; the financial and economic disorder, which it implies, must bring about its end. Under these conditions, the two kinds of recovery cannot exist together beyond a certain length of time.

Are the principles vaunted before the crisis as the necessary foundation of the American system still being accepted, or has the depression taught Americans others? During the twenty-five or thirty years preceding the War the policy pursued by the trusts included centralization designed to lower costs. But, by means of arbitrary intervention, the trusts also sought to maintain a rise in selling prices, in order to profit at the expense of the consumer. It is true that the Sherman Law forbade combinations and monopolies; but the great industries knew how to evade the law and ended by adjusting its workings to their purposes. Thus in spite of a decidedly hostile public opinion they remained powerful. It is doubtful whether they served their own true interests by this policy, for only by lowering prices could they assure themselves of the markets which these great and ever-expanding industries needed.

It was Ford and the automobile industry in general which first discerned the truth: that a mass market is necessary for mass production. Ford's policy, which, for courage and true wisdom, can never be over-praised, was diametrically opposed to that of the trusts. It sought to reduce costs by increasing the volume of production, at the same time passing on this reduction to the public, systematically and obstinately diminishing selling prices; it also endeavored to increase or (in time of crisis) to maintain wages at the maximum amount compatible with the returns, thus raising the level of the standard of living, that is to say of mass purchasing power. American industry adopted this doctrine in some measure during the piping times of post-War prosperity, but, looking back from today, it seems to have done so too half-heartedly. Many industrial leaders tried to stimulate sales without lowering prices, so that the consumer found himself at a disadvantage. Then manufacturers resorted to the economic equivalent of a shot in the arm, such as sales by installment, a drawing upon the revenues of tomorrow. Another method is the systematic use of advertising; still another is intensive sales efforts, in which the industry pursues the customer to his very home, and obliges him to show more energy in refusing to buy than in buying. But these processes are expensive. They demand a large personnel and run up costs.

When the depression gained the catastrophic proportions which we remember, these two methods were available to combat it; that of the trusts and that of Ford. In his New Deal program President Roosevelt decided upon the former, after having first advocated a policy of severe deflation. The business world, demoral-

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ized and desperate, was ready to accept whatever measures were counseled by the savior. Instead of seeking a solution in the reduction of costs and selling prices, the NRA recommended their consolidation. The industries gained the right to get together and control prices by monopolistic methods, a privilege for which they had fought for thirty years; but they were asked to pay for this tolerance by adopting a social policy imposed upon them by the Government: recognition of trade unions, limitation of working hours, regulation of wages, etc. The old trust spirit reappeared in a new form, partaking a little of Italian 'corporativism,' yet influenced by a vague sort of Marxism. The consumer bore the weight of the combination; the worker and the boss were invited to share the benefits, and the Government assumed the rôle of mediator and arbitrator—a rôle never before assumed by it in America.

VI

Now that the NRA has ceased to exist, now that the judgment of the Supreme Court has freed production from Government control, industry is at liberty to continue of its own accord what the Government had attempted to impose upon it by the codes. The practice varies among different industries; some of them, like the iron and steel industries, for instance, seem to favor the principle of maintaining prices by the trust policy and tariff protection. The automobile industry, on the contrary, remains faithful to Ford's methods, and does quite well. Other industries, like the textiles and coal, are in a fever of competition, which lowers prices in an unhealthy manner without making sufficient profit for capital.

At heart industry would like to see the Sherman Law repealed and to benefit by freedom of combination without the accompanying social legislation. It is improbable that it will attain this advantage otherwise than in the precarious form of law breaking. But it seems to me that Ford represents the true, traditional spirit of America, the spirit of initiative and audacity and readiness to accept risk.

When an industry in the United States tries to lower the cost of its product, what must it do? Wage reduction is not usually its method of tackling the problem. First it tries to increase the volume of production, then to decrease the burden of general costs. At the same time it systematically replaces workers by machinery, so that, without any sacrifice by the remaining workers, the effective equivalent of wage cuts is attained. The solution is then to be found in the individual organization rather than in the general economy. The great difference between Europe and America in this respect is that the social rather than the political organism sets up an instinctive resistance to the reduction of wages. The industry must then look for another solution, and if it does not find it, be disqualified as an effective competitor.

The destiny of American industry is thus bound up with the progress of mechanization. Its great achievement is the substitution of machines for manual labor. In this policy it is unquestionably ahead of Europe; but there always exists a limit beyond which the machine cannot be further utilized. Then the American's advantage disappears; the burden of wages

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becomes too heavy to be supported. Neither the crisis nor President Roosevelt's policy seems to have brought any new specific factors into this situation, since the conditions of American success in industrial competition depend upon basic circumstances which even the most sensational of crises cannot change.

In order to struggle against the depression and emerge from it, America, then, must choose between two methods, one orthodox, one necessitating the use of artificial stimulants. We have discussed the President's apparent choice and indicated the hesitations of industry, reverting at last to its former methods, as if the depression had never existed. What is the opinion of the general public, of the electors, whose votes are what really count in the long run?

VII

As long as its amazing, exceptional post-War prosperity lasted, North America gave the impression of profound conservativism. The majority thought only of individual possibilities of enrichment to be achieved by personal initiative within the existing social system. Few people thought about social reforms or the revolution. What is the situation now that business success has ceased to be an easy thing and millions are ruined or reduced to unemployment?

We must first of all realize that the European vocabulary is misleading when applied to the New World. In America inescapable and rigid social distinctions do not exist. Therefore the class struggle, Socialism, Communism or Fascism, are not expressions which one can usefully employ—that is, not without some shift of meaning. If people whose state of mind could be compared to that of our revolutionaries are to be found in America, they may be explained away as immigrants of recent European origin, and, notably, Jews. One would be wrong to consider them as representative.

On the other hand, and here we have the true contrast with the Old World, the struggle is less between the 'haves' and the 'have nots' than between debtors and creditors. When business is good, everybody needs capital for business purposes, or perhaps for speculation. When the crisis comes, business men and speculators lose everything, but remain debtors. The great protests in the bad years came from the embittered debtors, and were directed against the bankers. Particularly is this true in the West, where the farmers cannot meet the mortgages which they have contracted (perhaps imprudently but still contracted), and where their condition is rendered even more intolerable by the general fall in prices. Accordingly they regard themselves as victimized by the moneyed interests, whom they invest with a sort of superhuman, Mephistophelian quality. Nowhere do people speak with more passion against the Banks (with a capital B), or the Capitalists (with a capital C); nowhere are there more indignant haranguers about the rights of the People (with a capital P) exploited by the industrial and financial oligarchies.

The atmosphere is demagogic, yes, but is it revolutionary? One must not lose sight of the fact that these protesting elements, desperate and violent as they are, consist largely of land proprietors, employers of manual labor. To consider them as Marxists or

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Communists would be to misunderstand them, psychologically and socially. One must seek the revolutionaries, in the European sense of the word, in the large cities or in the mines. Notably on the Pacific coast one finds true Communists, trouble-makers and real anarchists at heart. But they are few in number, at the most capable of instigating local discontent which the police repress easily enough with the full coöperation of public opinion. The true travail of spirit is elsewhere.

If the crisis does cause a number of social or political protests, they are linked with a quite different tradition: that of Populism, which stands for the instinctive popular recourse to the demagogy of inflation. And doubtless this same tradition accounts for the most recent tendencies toward social reform by means of the reorganization of distribution and the increase of general purchasing power by artificial stimulants. Such movements begin and develop chiefly among farmers or the *petite bourgeoisie* of large cities, rather than among industrial workers, and it may be added that the greatest social agitation exists among those of Anglo-Saxon Protestant origins, as contrasted with the Catholics, who are protected by their priests from such contagions. The curious fact is that religious sentiment is inextricably bound up with any policy of economic panaceas. The protests against the crisis, particularly as one advances towards the West, take on a sort of apostolic complexion. The embattled apostle-leaders are promptly elevated to the rank of martyrs in an atmosphere of fanaticism and passion which often recalls the heroic era of our own Dreyfus case.

In this last category of economic contagions the 'Social Credit' movement must be classed. Its irresistible wave swept the Canadian province of Alberta last summer, carrying its leader, Mr. Aberhart, to the post of Prime Minister by an almost unanimous vote. According to him, every citizen of Alberta is entitled each month to a dividend of twenty-five dollars in the form of a certificate for that sum issued by the state. The state is thus conceived as a great joint-stock company, whose collective resources are the foundation of credit. The rapid circulation of the credit thus mobilized will allow business to regain the tempo which renders it profitable, and at the same time produce the fiscal resources necessary for the payment of the dividend. Collective industry will repay the benefits it reaps from such an arrangement by fixing 'just prices,' above which it will be forbidden to sell.

VIII

The Townsend Plan, which may very well be adopted by the Congress of the United States in the near future, is the result of an analogous inspiration, although the two movements have no real connection. The system conceived by Dr. Townsend is extremely simple. All persons over sixty will receive a monthly sum of two hundred dollars on condition that it be spent within the month; it loses its value at the end of the month.

How is this venture to be paid? When this question was put to him by a Congressional committee, the good doctor replied with some impatience: 'That's not my business; that's up to Congress.' He admits, however, that an indirect tax on all commercial

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transactions would furnish the means to finance his scheme; and that is the only suggestion he offers. The advantage of the scheme is that the old people, instead of continuing to compete with the younger ones in the field of production, will become consumers only, since they will not be able to hoard. As a consequence business will be stimulated and general consumption revived.

What is the philosophical or doctrinal origin of such a political program? Having asked myself that question many times, I have arrived at the conclusion that it has neither philosophy nor doctrine. The doctor is not an economist, nor does he try to be one. He belongs to no school of thought. Simply, having seen human misery, he humanely wishes to remedy the situation. But the movement should not be under-estimated, for it reflects a preoccupation of the American mind, diffuse, it is true, but aware of the fact that the great urge toward production means that some way must be found to stimulate and systematize consumption.

Dr. Townsend, in his fashion, responds to the need for a solution. And when Father Coughlin, whose eloquent words inflame the multitudes of his radio audience every Sunday, claims that credit is the source of wealth, that it belongs to the People alone (and People here again boasts a capital P), and that this instrument of power should not be abandoned to the bankers, he responds to the same need, but in a different form.

On the eve of the dawning economic recovery we may profitably recall La Rochefoucauld's advice: 'Certain states of affairs, as well as certain illnesses, are at times only aggravated by remedies: and the great wisdom is to know when it is dangerous to use them.' When America was writhing in the throes of a crisis which she believed to be hopeless, President Roosevelt, in 1933, was able to restore the confidence she had lost. Since then the tide has turned: industry demands only one thing, and that is to throw off governmental control and regain the right to cure itself by its own means. Its present attitude towards the Administration is that of hostility, which it no longer seeks even to hide. Business men have little by little become exactly what they were in prosperous times. The President of their choice would be a conservative Republican, a 'real Republican' of the type of McKinley, Harding or Coolidge.

Their opponents say that they have learned nothing; and from the social point of view, in which America is at least forty years behind Europe, this may be true. It is probable that a *laissez-faire* solution will be avoided, as the general public runs a risk in changing horses in midstream. The business world under-estimates its present unpopularity; for it speaks in terms of common sense and profit, while the masses speak the language of humanity, sentiment and subsidy. While prosperity is being reborn, even like spring, the Government pursues a policy designed to encourage its return by means of a spendthrift demagogy, which is less efficacious against unemployment than would be a program of official abstention, and which is bound eventually to be fatal either to the Government's credit or to monetary stability. America has arrived at that stage of the crisis where the remedy is worse than the disease.

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Here is a sheaf of articles on Germany appraising her 'home front' in case of war; showing how French industrialists help her rearm, and winding up with the remarks of a visitor from France.

And Quiet Flows *the* RHINE

I. Germany's War Machine

By General X

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE violation of the Locarno Treaty and the occupation of the Rhineland have again brought to the fore the question of German military strength. Every day the papers enumerate the German regiments, cannons, tanks, and airplanes. They compare these armaments to ours, trying to find in the comparison a cause for hope or alarm; for the general public does not know how to estimate a nation's strength except by its peacetime military organization.

And yet a standing army, indispensable as it is for inflicting the first blows or meeting the first shock, is only a trifling part of a country's military strength in time of war. After a few weeks of the struggle have passed, the active troops will have been used up, the munitions amassed in the magazines will have been exploded, and the airplanes which were new when the war was first declared will have been brought down. And then any nation which had imprudently neglected to provide itself with reinforcements of troops and materials, to prepare plans for meeting the problems of transportation, and to lay down roads on which to move its troops quickly to the front—such a nation would ultimately succumb, notwithstanding the victories it might have won at the outbreak of hostilities.

To estimate the military strength of any country on the basis of its stand-

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ing army alone would be a blunder pregnant with the gravest consequences, and one bound to result in bitter disappointment. Even more than the present strength of a nation, we should consider how much this strength would count for in the coming struggle, what inner resources the nation could draw upon to support its battle line, what hidden wells of strength it conceals—in short, what is commonly called its 'military potential.'

Impressive as it may be, the German army is not in itself a grave danger: it is the potential war-strength of the German nation as a whole that we ought to know in order to calculate the danger we run.

Thus, instead of counting regiments and cannons, we have scrutinized Germany's commercial bulletins, her statistics, her factory balance sheets; we have sought to estimate her reserves of manpower; we have studied the organization of the economic and human forces on the other side of the Rhine. From these figures we have been able to estimate the German military potential, and all else is either guesswork or fiction.

The question is: could Germany live in case of war? Could she go on arming? What would her men, her transports be worth? This is what we propose to look into.

In order to exist, to be able to fight, people must eat. Could the German soil feed the nation? This is a problem of prime importance, the significance of which could be seen even by old Moltke, who said: 'The moment German agriculture can no longer feed the army and the people in time of war without resorting to imports from abroad, any war we might engage in would be lost before the first shot was fired.' In 1918, when there was a shortage of bread, both the front and the rear collapsed. How far has Germany progressed since then? Would an economic blockade have the same tragic consequences today that it had in 1918? We shall try to answer this question, taking up only the key food products: cereals, potatoes, sugar, meat and fats.

II

Let us look at a graph of German production. Since 1932 production of wheat has exceeded consumption. One would think that, this being so, imports of wheat would no longer be necessary and would have ceased or at least have been balanced by corresponding exports. Nothing of the sort: and this is where the surprises begin. Imports are falling off only slightly, while exports decrease from day to day. For example, in 1933, in addition to a domestic surplus of 1 million tons, the Reich imported 770,000 tons of wheat, while exporting only 536,000. In 1934 imports exceeded exports by 450,000 tons.

What is being done with these enormous quantities of wheat, which cannot be consumed? Obviously they are a part of the reserve stocks, which in January, 1935, had risen as high as 4 million tons—enough to last a year! The Germans remember their wartime bread rations, and do not want to go on empty stomachs again. But now that existence has been assured, and their stock of provisions enables them to face the future with some confidence, it would be madness to continue at a tempo which is bound in the long run to bring about the collapse

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of the market, and the ruin of the peasants. Accordingly they are quietly returning to normal demands; for Germany is henceforth sure of her bread.

The same is true of rye, the production of which the Nazis whipped up to a peak in 1933. Since then production has tended to equal consumption. Here, too, the reserves are immense (nearly 5 million tons at the beginning of 1935); the situation takes on alarming colors when one realizes that more of that cereal was imported in the month of January, 1935, alone than during the whole of 1934; and that in the meanwhile exports have dwindled to nothing. In 1933 Germany exported more rye than she imported. In 1934 imports exceeded exports by approximately 25,099 tons; in January, 1935, the imports were 80 times greater than in January, 1934, while in the same period exports had declined.

Over-production of potatoes is considerable; yet imports have mounted from 70,000 tons in 1933 to 110,000 tons in 1934. These reserves keep on growing! This is also true of beet sugar: the excess of production over consumption did not prevent the import trade from increasing fivefold between 1934 and 1935, in contrast to the export trade, which fell off considerably.

Germany produces just enough livestock to satisfy her demands—although only just barely enough. But production is increasing; the number of pigs, which are particularly important in the production of fat, increased by 8 per cent last year. At present Germany produces only about two-thirds of the edible fats consumed, in spite of intensive efforts in the last few years. In order to meet this deficiency, which distresses the Government considerably, Germany is attempting to plant the soya bean. The future will tell whether or not these efforts will be rewarded.

So it seems that even if she is blockaded, isolated, surrounded by enemies, Germany will be able to go on living. Of all her foodstuffs she lacks only fats. Old Moltke may rest in peace. German agriculture will be able to feed both the people and the army.

III

Food is all very well; but it is also necessary to have arms to fight. Arms —that is to say raw materials from which to obtain metal, yarn, rubber, fuel and petroleum; and factories in which to transform these into cannons, cloth, tires, gasoline or munitions. We shall now study the industrial potential of the German nation.

The production of ferrous metals in Germany is not extensive, and the loss of the Lorraine mines deprived her of three-fourths of her pre-War resources. Here are the figures. In 1913 Germany was mining 28,608,000 tons of iron ore, of which 7,300,000 tons came from the mines which she still owns. Today, in spite of all her efforts, out of 16,700,000 tons of iron ore which she consumes annually, the Reich mines only 4,000,000 tons from her own soil, in addition to 2,000,000 tons of scrap and residue. Every means has been used to increase this domestic production. The meager deposits of the Bavarian Palatinate and South Baden are to be exploited again. It was hoped that this measure would serve to increase the iron production to 5 million tons in 1935—an increase of one million over 1934.

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But in spite of all her efforts Germany will never be able to meet her needs adequately; not even if she utilized scrap iron, of which she uses an enormous amount, nearly 7 million tons in 1934 (counting imports).

Should this be considered a grave danger to German economy? Yes, for although the inordinate increase of iron ore imports into Germany in comparison to her own iron and steel production shows clearly that she is creating a reserve in order to insure herself at least temporary safety from economic or military blockade (it seems that this reserve is now about 12½ million tons of mineral ore), *it is France which is at present furnishing her with 50 per cent of her total imports!* It is true that Sweden, which, with Spain, ranks second as Germany's purveyor of iron ore, would probably continue to supply all her needs, in time of war, as has been the case for the last twenty years. The recent rebirth of the German navy is also disquieting, in view of the fact that the control which it may some day extend over the Baltic region may facilitate trade between the German coast and the Nordic countries. But these imports will be relatively small, not enough for Germany's war-time needs.

Germany has almost no copper ore; the mines of the Mansfield Company produce about one-tenth of what she consumes: of the 287,000 tons consumed in 1934, Germany contributed only 28,000 tons. Imports coming from the United States, South Africa, the Belgian Congo and Chile will probably be stopped in case of war; and no matter how large her stocks are, they will soon be exhausted. Conscious of this danger, Germany is making a prodigious effort to substitute aluminum for copper and all the other metals which she lacks: zinc, tin, and so forth.

In the production of aluminum, Germany leads the world. Her production of 18,000 tons of aluminum in 1933, 46,000 tons in 1934, and probably 52,000 tons in 1935 makes her one of the first metal converters in Europe.

But she has no raw materials. Her production of bauxite and cryolite (sources of aluminum) amounts to almost nothing: 7,300 tons of bauxite in 1929, which was the peak year; in 1934, imports exceeded exports by 326,500 tons. Fearing that her principal purveyors (France, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Italy) would cut off her imports in case of war, Germany is doing her best to free herself from dependence on them and is seeking to extract aluminum from the clay deposits in her own soil. The German press recently declared that this problem had been solved; but so far nothing has appeared to confirm this news, which, if true, would transform the whole economic life beyond the Rhine.

Of certain textiles German resources are very inadequate (she produces only 5 to 10 per cent of her total consumption of flax, hemp and linen and has no natural silk or cotton at all). The Germans have vigorously attacked this problem also: in 1933 they increased their stock of sheep by 100,000 heads, and all the official organizations were forced to use lamb, despite its unpopularity.

The area given over to the cultivation of flax increased from 4,313 hectares in 1932 to 20,500 hectares in 1935. This year Germany hopes to produce 50 instead of 10 per cent of what she consumes—an achievement

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which would save her 12 million marks. The figures for the hemp industry are even more impressive: 210 hectares in 1933; 2,635 in 1935.

IV

But German ingenuity has won its greatest triumphs in replacing natural products with substitutes. Not only can Germany produce artificial silk from wood cellulose, but also, by mixing certain fibers with flax, cotton and silk, she has been able to manufacture new fabrics, called Vistra, Silakstra, etc., the appearance of which at the Leipzig Fair created a veritable sensation.

As for coal—two figures will tell the story: annual consumption: 275,000,000 tons; annual production: 281,000,000 tons.

How does Germany stand on the question of petroleum? There are oil wells in Thuringen and Hanover. Their output of oil has been quadrupled during the last few years. In 1935 the output reached 104,000 tons. This is good work, but seems like a drop in the ocean when one recalls that Germany's consumption of crude oil in 1934 was 3,322,000 tons.

But let us forget crude oil and limit ourselves exclusively to motor fuel: gasoline and benzine. What a difference between the consumption of gasoline (1,218,000 tons in 1935) and the output of the German gasoline refineries (150,999 tons)! There is a difference of more than a million tons here, and, since nature refuses to yield the necessary products of its own accord, Germany is trying to create a synthetic product from coal and lignite, both of which she possesses in abundance. Does she want a million tons of petroleum? She will have them presently; she almost has them now. In 1929 the Leuna works were built for the purpose of transforming coal-tar into gasoline, and it is hoped that they will produce 350,000 tons of gasoline this year. In 1932 a factory in Merseburg attempted the hydrogenation of lignite; it should be capable of producing 300,000 tons of gasoline a year. In October, 1934, the Braunkohlen Company, representing a capital of 100 million marks, was set up. What will the capacity of this formidable establishment be?

From now on Germany can count on 650,000 tons of synthetic gasoline, which, in addition to the 150,000 tons coming from her oil wells, ought to assure her 800,000 tons a year. Actually in 1935 she produced only 380,000. In a few years she will be supplying all her own needs; but at the present time she lacks 30 per cent of that goal. Furthermore this figure is misleading, for the synthetic substance is not suitable for airplane motors, and it will probably be impossible to use all of the natural gasoline for this purpose.

The aviation problem has still to be solved, then. There is no doubt that it will eventually be solved; but when? The day when they reach the solution to it German military strength will be more than doubled.

Benzine, another fuel used in motors, is produced in almost sufficient quantity to meet the demand: 280,000 tons out of 320,000. As for alcohol, its production corresponds to its consumption. To summarize, thanks to her ingenuity and to the genius of her chemists, Germany will probably soon make up for her natural poverty with synthetic products.

Industrial mobilization is one of the

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most complex problems of modern warfare. The number of factories which make arms in time of peace is inadequate for wartime needs. Let us take as an example the German artillery industry: at the end of 1914 it was putting out 100 pieces a month. In June, 1918, the army required 3,000 cannons a month, and the industry succeeded in supplying them. To reach this level of production it is necessary to mobilize all the factories of the land and to have them participate in this prodigious output of arms, which modern warfare squanders without stopping to count.

But it takes a long time before a workshop which ordinarily produces tin boxes can be got to produce gas masks, torpedoes or tanks—there are delays of weeks and sometimes months. During that time, while production is at a standstill, reserves are exhausted and armies stopped by lack of materials and munitions. The country which succeeds in reducing the period of inactivity before production gets under way has a staggering advantage over an adversary who is slower in equipping himself—an advantage which might mean ultimate victory.

Look at Germany. Her industrial potential is incomparable: the last war has already given us ample proof of that: 3,000 mortar cannons, 11 million projectiles, 14,000 machine-guns, 250,000 firearms, 12,000 tons of powder; you think you are dreaming when you read these figures. But they mean nothing, for we too can attain them. The serious danger lies in the fact that today the whole of German industry is devoted to the making of arms, and is organized as if in time of war. Its mobilization days are over; its period of standstill will be nil; while ours will last more than six months. This is where the danger lies.

Let us take the aeronautical industry as an example. Of the nineteen known airplane factories, ten are fully equipped. The best equipped, Heinkel, Junkers, Dornier, Arado, are at present employing more than 20,000 workmen; they only employed 8,000 at the beginning of 1933. Work goes on day and night, in three shifts. As for the eleven motor factories, these are also producing at full steam. If necessary, industrial production could be immediately doubled. Right now there is a monthly output of 200 pieces of machinery. During this last year the Reich will have spent 60 billion francs for armaments (France approximately 15 billion). Imagine to what level of production such sums could carry the industrial potential of a powerful nation like Germany!

A great industrial power but not enough raw materials—these are Germany's two characteristics. When one day the frontiers are closed, her factories will quickly exhaust their reserve stocks, large as they are, and Germany will find herself reduced to her national production and, if she still has control over the Baltic region, to the insignificant imports from her neighbors. Then how can the cannons be cast when there is no more iron ore? The genius of the German chemists is not equal to replacing steel by some *Ersatz*. How can they build airplanes if there is no bauxite? For the extraction of aluminum from German argils, if such a thing is possible, is not an industry that can be perfected in a few months. With what will they supply their airplane motors if synthetic fuel will not lend itself to this use?

Germany can feed herself. She can

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produce quicker and in greater volume than any other country in Europe. But the enormous effort which she has made to obtain these results is doomed to failure as long as she must obtain from abroad certain essential raw materials. This is the flaw in her armor; this is the crack which may perhaps one day cause the whole edifice to topple over.

II. Business As Usual

By Paul Allard

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

In the course of a recent diplomatic gathering a high official from the Foreign Office said:—

'For a year now the Germans have been buying nothing but war materials from France.'

As if in reply to this, Dr. Goebbels, who had recently made a statement in Berlin to the effect that food imports had declined from four to one billion marks in two years, exclaimed mockingly:—

'We are more interested in importing war materials than food products.'

Is it possible that France is arming Germany?

Even in a normal period our national conscience may well be outraged by the thought that French soldiers have been and will be killed by *French* shells fired from *French* cannons constructed by *French* labor working to make a profit for *French* employers! All this is a part of the general problem of the private trade in arms and munitions and the bloody armaments International. Then should we not as a nation feel this outrage even more deeply at the present time, when the whole country is under tension because, to put it mildly, a nation inimical to ours has violated a treaty?

Sanctions against Germany? I have met with nothing but skepticism on that score in interested circles. One recalls what happened in the midst of the War: the farce that was the blockade; how, according to the testimony of Admiral Consett, the 'ignoble, dishonorable British trade' (Admiral Consett's words) prolonged the war when an economic blockade and an embargo on British exports could undoubtedly have crushed Germany even before the collapse of the Russian army and the entrance of Rumania.

One recalls the scandalous traffic with the enemy during the War, the Carburiers affair—with the particulars of which Mr. Laval can supply you; the Penarroya affair; and lastly, and best known of all, the failure to bombard the Briey basin, from which the Germans drew all their military resources, and which was deliberately spared by the French General Staff in order to protect the interests of the Comité des Forges!

One of the German objectives in the World War was to appropriate these Briey iron ore deposits, which, by a diabolical arrangement of geography, were spread through the Franco-German subsoil. Germany has no iron ore. What a temptation this magic basin was for her, accounting, as it does, for 91 per cent of French iron production!

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The Socialist Party recently asked Mr. Albert Sarraut the following question:—

'How much iron ore—in tons—was exported from France to Germany during the years 1932, '33, '34 and '35? What measures do you intend taking to stop this export trade, which is a grave danger to our country's security?'

Mr. Albert Sarraut has not yet answered this question.

II

He could have answered, though, that, in their zeal for national defense, his predecessors had already passed a series of embargo measures. These had been either demanded or countersigned by the General Staff.

'. . . An embargo, or more accurately, a requirement that a permit be issued by the Ministers of War, Foreign Affairs, the Interior and Finances before shipping abroad—that is, to countries which may become our enemies—our war materials, our arms, munitions and aeronautical supplies.' (Decree of September 3, 1935. Signed by Pierre Laval, President of the Council; Jean Fabry, Minister of War; François Pietri, Minister of Marine; General Denain, Air Minister.)

'. . . An embargo on aluminum in ore, bullion or scrap; also on aluminum hydrate.' (Decree of April 16, 1935, signed by Pierre Laval, President of the Council; Flandin, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Jean Fabry, Minister of War.)

'. . . An embargo on scrap copper, on lead, zinc, nickel and tin.' (Decree of August 18, 1935. Signed by Pierre Laval, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; Jean Fabry, Minister of War.)

Lastly, 'an embargo on wood for firearms, walnut wood, exotic woods, flax, cotton, cotton waste. . .' (Signed by Pierre Laval, President of the Council; Flandin, Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Maurin, Minister of War.)

This last prohibition was called forth by the great volume of German purchases in the northern region during March, 1935. In that month there passed through the railway station of Tourcoing alone 1,700 tons of carded flax, as compared to 517 tons in February; 300 tons of cotton waste, as compared to 60 in February; 350 tons of cotton yarn, as compared to 65 in February. All the evidence shows that Germany was getting in stocks of important materials—stocks which would permit her to live in a closed economy if circumstances demanded it. Wagons and trucks full of linen, cotton and silk wastes passed the custom houses on the Kehl Bridge, and went on to Germany, loaded with stuffs which were to equip the German army—and to be used in the manufacture of explosives.

On the day after the prohibitive decree was published, there was a wild outburst, a unanimous public protest. The Union of Linen Merchants, the Syndicate of Flax Carders, and various Chambers of Commerce protested vigorously against this general prohibition of exports—a step which had been taken for reasons which *they* 'failed to see,' and which, they claimed, would only serve to increase unemployment!

Are these products—flax, cotton, wood, aluminum—the only ones we export to Germany? Let us consult

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the statistics. In 1935 French exports to Germany totaled 1,008,642 francs. And more than half of them were products that could be used in war, either as raw materials, or intermediary products. Thus we sold 47,000 tons of gun metal (for 10 million francs); 152,000 tons of iron and steel (for 100 million francs); 3 million francs worth of copper; 4 million francs worth of tin; and, lastly, 5,945,000 tons of various ores—of which 5,400,000 tons were iron ore.

Here we are then! The iron ore is by far the most important staple of Franco-German trade. This iron ore comes from the Briey basin. In order to get everything straight, let us compare the figures for 1935 with those for 1934. Last year Germany bought from us a round total of 6 million tons of iron ore—she had bought only 1½ million tons in 1934. What can this alarming jump mean except that Germany is laying up war stocks?

And in order to give the average Frenchman a concrete idea of French collaboration in German rearmament, here is the exact ratio of the share supplied by France to that supplied by the other countries. In 1932 the total iron ore imported into Germany was 3,400,000 tons; in 1933, 4,500,000 tons; in 1935, 12 million tons. Of this last figure, 6 million—that is exactly one-half—came from France. That means that *of every two German shells, one is of French origin*, and as such has brought profit to the Comité des Forges!

'Could the Government,' I asked the Ministry of Commerce, 'proclaim an embargo on iron ore any day, as it has done in the case of cotton waste and wood for rifle butts?'

'The Government can impose a general embargo at any time—that is to say, on trade with *all* countries.' I was told. 'But it is an unfriendly act to prohibit export to any one particular country. It amounts to a sanction. The French Government would certainly never do it without the vote of the League of Nations.'

'If Germany were to lose our iron ore one of these days, where else would she be able to get it?'

'From her other purveyors: Sweden, Spain and the U.S.S.R. But obviously it would cost her much more, and it would not be the same quality.'

'And what about us? If we lose this excellent customer, what will happen?'

Here my interlocutors became suddenly very prudent.

'Our other customers,' they told me, 'are Belgium, which imports 9 million tons, and the Netherlands, which imports 1 million, of which a good part doubtless goes to Germany. To forbid exports to all countries might mean a crisis in the Belgian metallurgical factories, and increased unemployment. Besides, don't forget that international trade is carried on not under Government control but by means of agreements, alliances and cartels made between the industries of the countries concerned, often with the consent of the League of Nations.'

III

Here we are confronted by the problems of international commerce and the necessity of exchanging goods. Those in charge of our economy have shown me that if Germany needs our iron for her national defense, France, in her turn, by an atrocious but

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inescapable parallel, cannot do without Germany because she needs certain materials which can only be obtained beyond the Rhine. They have cited me several examples which prove that if the average French male of military age has a right to object to the possibility of being killed by a French shell, the average German male of military age faces a similar unpleasant prospect of being killed by a lethal weapon coming from Germany. What complete reciprocity!

The barges which travel on our canals and supply our powder-magazines are German. The presses for our torpedos were sold to us by Krupp, who was the only manufacturer in a position to make them. The forts, both large and small, on our Maginot line are equipped with Diesel motors manufactured in a German factory near Paris, where the workers, mechanical experts, and technical director are all Germans. The synthetic nitrate which we buy abroad because our nitrogen plant in Toulouse does not make enough of it is obtained from Germany by virtue of a Franco-German agreement which guarantees us an option on as much as 150,000 tons.

Finally—and this is the principal article of Franco-German trade—Germany sells us coal. In 1933 we bought as much as 5,990,000 tons. And, mind you, coal, like iron and copper ores, like cotton, silk, aluminum, etc., has been listed by the League of Nations as one of the so called 'strategic' or 'military' raw materials.

Are these reasons for continuing this trade valid? Do France and Germany enjoy 'equality of rights' in the exchange of war materials? Germany still needs our iron ore more than we need her coal. Could not France find her coal elsewhere? Particularly since iron ore heads the list of strategic materials: it is the number one war material.

Germany is in a most convenient position to get her supplies from us. Our iron goes directly from our Briey mines to their Ruhr factories. Strasbourg is no longer the principal channel of communication with Germany that it was only a short time ago: the river route from Strasbourg to the Ruhr, once taken by French barges carrying iron ore, is now meeting stiff competition from the newly constructed German route. That route is shorter and cheaper, for the German railways have reduced the tariffs between the Franco-German frontier and the German manufacturing centers.

On the French side the free export of iron ore from the Briey basin to Germany has been made easier by the opening, in July, 1932, of a canal near the Moselle mines. This canal serves all the ports of the Wendel factories, of the Forges et Acieries du Nord, and of Uckange. Thanks to this new route, shipments to Germany are constantly increasing: from 340,000 tons in July, 1932, to 421,000 tons in November, 1933.

And—the height of the irony—this Franco-German traffic has been stimulated also by the construction or repair of our strategic lines of communication from Audun to Fontoy, and Fontoy to Thionville. . .

But there! these are state secrets.

Sanctions against Germany, indeed! Will the Comité des Forges allow them?

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III. A Conversation in Cologne

By Max Rychner

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich Liberal Daily

AFTER visiting some of the most beautiful old churches of Cologne, we settled lazily and comfortably on a bench on the bank of the Rhine. My companion, the Frenchman, pushed his Derby hat back from his forehead and began to roll a cigarette for me. He was a widely traveled man who had seen life from many different angles and who accepted people with equanimity. His age was hard to estimate, for he had one of those faces that reach full masculine maturity with thirty and then remain unchanged another thirty years. He appeared to give little thought to his clothing, which was selected for its wearing qualities, so that he would not be bothered with such questions for years at a time. He was traveling on business; his means of livelihood were as remote from his heart as the man in the moon; but he did not find this circumstance at all tragic. We had met by chance, and by even greater chance the conversation had turned to Jean Giraudoux. As we had quickly discovered that we shared the same lively interest in this writer, we had been strolling along together this warmish March afternoon.

'Ah, there it is—the Rhine!' We looked at it carefully, as though there were still something new to be found in it.

'It flows faster than I thought,' my companion remarked. 'People easily grow sluggish along slow streams. Perhaps a slow river would do the Germans good—a Yangtze-kiang or a Mississippi; they work too hard. Moreover, they are constantly goading themselves into becoming even more efficient. And the way they organize—it is really a frenzy of logic. I admire it, but I can never forget that ants and termites are also splendid organizers—sans philosophy, to be sure.

'Organization! During the War the Americans occasionally made quite unnecessary remarks about conditions in France. As though we could not organize too! We know very well how to do it; but it always makes us uneasy. It is so easy to become the prisoner of one's own system, and we are always half unsystematic, coiners of aphorisms. The idea of the moment, and its potentialities—we do not want to be forever spoiling it by premeditation. It sometimes seems to us that with the Germans everything is thought out beforehand and rigidly planned with a "fixed route of march." That is why we are so ready to look for mental reservations or ambiguities in everything they say. Their planning, either in thought or in action, is always long-range. And what is the result? Every few years everything must be reshaped from the ground up. The reformers take turns. Take Luther or Kant or Nietzsche! We Frenchmen have improvised a genuine continuity . . .

'Take a look at this organization. I know, German organization is gigan-

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tic. They used to say "colossal," but today everything is "gigantic." Gigantic . . . Why not! For a while one may find pleasure in such words, which roar along like Zeppelins. I do not know whether atoms can die—giants must die inevitably. But let's keep to the subject.

II

'As I said before: organization. I do not by any means refuse to recognize the artistic elements in organization. Man must rule, that is, organize. But when organization begins to rule man, we Frenchmen feel we have had too much. We have thought a good deal about this point, and not without serious self-searching, either! When the Germans began to rearm, I was frightened. I thought: well, this is going to be a pretty state of affairs! If these devils are out to build up an army, there can be only one result—they will of course achieve a marvel of organization. Once again they will be incomparable. This thought was oppressive enough to me. I asked myself: what will their weak point—our chance—be? At last I found it. Our chance: it lay in the very perfection of organization itself. They will over-organize, and thus it will all again be full of inward dangers.

'Since that time I have been calm, for I know that they will not be able to conquer us. With us the inspiration of genius, the spontaneous mastery of a hopeless situation, will time and again supervene—the miracle of the Marne. You think that is nothing but pious faith? Oh no, I *know* it! We have plenty of human reserve power within us, and that is what counts. In the beginning we may fare badly—there is nothing like the precision of a German mobilization: that is pure algebra. But there will always be an x, an unknown quantity; and the moment will come when one of our generals will find the value of this x and will include it in his calculations; and from that time on the German plans will no longer be in tune. Don't think for a moment that I under-estimate the German General Staff! Possibly it has a Moltke. If so, then France must produce a Napoleon in the hour of danger. It will have to be so because of the laws of harmony . . . Whether Hitler takes this into consideration? I do not know.

'Alas, what thoughts! They are of no great value, for everyone has them. "War!" the people say, and what happens inside them? I am afraid nothing at all, or far too little. If they grasp the meaning of the word, they ought to turn pale and tremble. Look over there—a German and a French tugboat, with swastika and tricolor, are passing each other; the young German in his white singlet and blue trousers waves a greeting to the French girl who is hanging up her wash; he is dark; she blonde . . . She answers smilingly, with outstretched arms, a cute little thing! Are they thinking of war? At most of a tussle *à deux!* They don't want to have anything to do with cemeteries.

'Must the two most soldierly peoples in the world be forever at odds with one another? Everyone says it is nonsense; but it is something much deeper and more terrible than nonsense. The word nonsense is an ineffectual word; you cannot exorcise with it. It does not banish the evil spirits which enjoy having so much free play between the two nations—

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free play which they perhaps ought not to have . . .

'On this soil here, on the Rhine, I should be understood. We visited the Romanesque churches here: Saint Gerion, Saint Ursula, Saint Martin, Maria im Kapitol, Saint Cunibert, the Holy Apostles, Saint Pantaleon—what melodious names! What splendid works of architecture! At once Romanesque and German; borrowed and yet filled and transformed by an essence of their own. And the cathedral: French Gothic, in conscious imitation of the cathedral of Amiens; but magically recreated by German inspiration; heavy and grandiose, especially splendid in the darkness of night. When I saw it again today, I found it gigantic—a monument to the coöperation of two peoples who have no need to resort to battle to demonstrate their greatness to each other. They do it all the same, alas!

'In either country I have the feeling that I am standing on a raft; for some time the two were close together, bumping each other in neighborly fashion; now they drift apart, the stretch of water between them becomes wider and wider. That goes on for some time; then the movement is reversed.

III

'Look at those children playing! There they jump about in the squares they have drawn with chalk on the pavements. At the top is "Heaven" and "Luck;" at the bottom there is the "Hell" for those out of luck. The losers scuffle with the winners. How they wade in, full of eagerness and decision! They suffer, they beam, they weep or shout. For us their play, with its rules, is just hurly-burly; that's why the youngsters don't have any too high an opinion of us; certainly not that lively and intelligent little brat over there.

'Later on they will hop about on another checker board and call it the State. Perhaps they will design a new one; the relative heaven shifts to another spot; the relative hell too; a little more to the right or to the left, whatever it happens to be. You may smile, sir; but please don't think I am scoffing. Those youngsters over there won't be able to do anything else; it is their destiny. That artful little dodger there will put the others into a concentration camp, or appoint them sub-leaders; or he may throw bombs into the Rue de Vaugirard and burn up my Delacroix drawings; or he may ruin his career at an early stage by practising a little race defilement. I think he's easily capable of it. He is bold, and women will like him. Twenty years hence will he still know what he owes to the honor of German blood?

'Let him remember it until he is ninety and dried up, as far as I am concerned, if such an attitude will prevent him from shedding his blood in a war against us.

'Surely he knows already who Adolf Hitler is. This boy! But he knows it only for moments, a few seconds a day. Yet it is these that count. They will prevail over the remaining hours. Our young friend is in the game, as Pascal remarks; he must follow the rules without demur. He must follow them, this nimble little German, difficult as it may be for him.

'At bottom we Frenchmen really are much more disciplined than the Germans, though on both sides of this river people say the opposite. But

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I have my own experiences, and I believe only these.

'A good friend of mine lives right around the corner; I have been dropping in to see him for many years, whenever I come here. At Verdun we were on opposite sides. When I enter his house, I say "Heil Hitler!" —he laughs and greets me with "*Vive la France!*" We speak openly and without that sensitivity that is as easily hurt nowadays as an inflamed nerve. He is about one-half Nazi; the border-line between the two halves is never quite clear. Once he told me: "You just can't understand it!" "What do you mean?" "The ideas of the Movement, of National Socialism." "Why?" "It's something purely German; we found ourselves in it, and that is why the world will not be able to understand it for a long while." He was proud and sad at the same time when he said that to me.

'But he made me laugh, and I told him: "Pardon me, my friend, but I really do regard National Socialism as a French creation. You can't deprive me of this opinion. Here are the proofs. Sorel and Barrés and Maurras; all revolutionaries against the 'system,' against liberalism and parliamentarism, and in favor of authority, national mysticism, social reconstruction and the end of the class struggle; for a cultural tradition, the cult of the land and of the peasant life. Eighty years ago Gobineau pioneered the way for race research; fifty years ago Edouard Drummond published his nationalistic pamphlet about anti-Semitism. Proudhon taught the sharply accentuated division of races by characteristics and social tasks, with a patriarchal family cult. In 1789 the anti-clerical and anti-Christian revolt was much more radical. Even the centralized State we have known for some time. All in all it is wrong to assume that we French do not understand anything about National Socialism, when actually it was we who invented nearly all its ideas." I say that without arrogance, for it is of other achievements of my people that I am proud.

IV

'"At last we are catching up with what Richelieu achieved for you," a German professor told me two years ago. He saw only the tightening solidity of the unity of the Reich, and he was happy. In his house that same evening a man explained to me: "Now we are decades ahead of France. We have overcome the bourgeois, with his egoism. We have done with the interplay of interests of countless parties. You will have to follow the same path, which leads from disintegration to unity!" A third man asked me: "Don't you envy us our Führer?" Do I seem envious? I knew nothing about it! Why are Germans so ready to believe that they are being envied? First it was Wilhelm II; and now it is Hitler, or the Winter Aid, the concentration camps, the birth rate, the automobile highways, the Gestapo—as a matter of fact, we do not react to all of these things indiscriminately. Perhaps that may even be a mistake. But really now: is the professor right or the other fellow? Has the Reich merely made up for historical backwardness, or has it far outdistanced us? Doubtless this question could be argued; it is even possible to get excited about it. As for me, it is a matter of supreme indifference, like the onion crop in Siberia. Is France modern?

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Up-to-date? What childish worries! It is such immature questions as these that make life tedious. But there they are, at least for some people.

'My son regards me as a survivor from the age of Hadrian; everything that has happened since, he says, has left no marks on me. Then he asks for his monthly check. I count out the shekels with a sigh; I would like to give him more. He wants to be an engineer, and he swears by Moscow. Moscow! I prove to him that the Muscovites are pre-Neanderthalers compared with us. A bare 200 years of historical experience have been accumulated in that city; when they started, we already had men like Poussin and Descartes and Racine and Gluck. Gluck! We gave the Germans architecture and they rewarded us with music. How much they mean to me, these names!

'And what do they mean to him, who is my own flesh and blood, separated from me by a mere twenty-four years? He, too, is familiar with them; admitted. But to him they represent inscriptions on museum pieces. He says that they belong in the Louvre. What are the names, then, that make his heart beat faster? Kerensky, Trotsky, Lenin and Stalin and whatever they may be. These names mean all the world to him. The world of the future. The one that must come and for which he is preparing. He lives in the ecstatic state of an evangelist, and derision *à la* Voltaire does not reach him, does not make the slightest impression on him. He moves in a vacuum, like a cog-wheel that is too far from the others.

'And I? Naturally I love this young fellow, who carries within him a whole world that is completely strange to me, a world toward which I am full of aversion and antipathy. He will be, some day, in precisely the same position.

'By the way, he is very thoughtful of me, especially since his mother died; he treats me tenderly, like a Chinese vase of the Ching-hwa period, which apparently must remain the way it is. We hurt each other no more than our common life demands, and we disguise our irrevocably different points of view with all sorts of jokes and teasing. We do not solve the basic questions that stand between us, but we alleviate the tension at least temporarily. We succeed because we painstakingly observe a number of unwritten rules. Two sovereign powers, with equal rights, the older, "dated," one being at the moment more solvent than the younger one, whose home is the future. But this argument does not get me any further; my partner would not accept it because of its bourgeois origin.

'It has grown late; we have talked a good deal and I shall have to leave soon. I have been invited for dinner at the house of my enemy at Verdun. First he will serve Moselle, later Rhine wine—they say it causes hardening of the arteries; well, I shall simply risk a little more. Then comes Rüdesheimer: really it is worth while. The first half hour we shall talk of politics; it is always so with us, and at present all the world is bewitched by it. We shall emphasize the "necessity for an understanding between Germany and France." What noble gallimaufry! All the world talks like that, he as well as I. Reality, the actual events, are beyond such phrases. Secretly we know that, and it makes us feel grave and significant.

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'Soon the wine begins to give us wings; then the German begins to entwine French phrases into the conversation, and I risk a few German words. He talks like Balzac's Baron Nucingen, and I like Lessing's Riccaut de la Marlinière—he has read two scenes of the play to me. We are like two healthy people who use crutches for fun. What does it matter? It serves to get us closer to each other. He too is alone; he could not go on—for political reasons, incidentally. The Hitler Movement had taken hold of his wife like a religious mania. She saw Hitler as the true German god-man, and could no longer put up with her uninspired husband. He was a Stahlhelm man, strictly loyal, but no more. At heart he remained half-and-half, as I have said.

'He persuades himself every morning that Germany is taking the only possible, the necessary path. Then he determines not to think about it any more. How often he succeeds! He is a technician with a good head on his shoulders, and very realistic during the day!

'But in the evening! When he gets out his phonograph records! Schubert, Bruckner, Berlioz. Then he sits back, and an expression comes over his big face which I know only from such moments. Everything real grows small before this astonishingly comprehensive gaze—countries, peoples, individuals. I keep my eye on him as he seems to vanish. I see him, though he no longer sees me. The walls of the room recede and I feel how he has softly passed through them into a beyond, lost in thought, motionless and at the same time surrendering to motion that knows neither beginning nor end.

'Come, I must leave. He asked me to come early, and he is punctual—still quite the soldier in many things. I am not; but I could at any time become so again. I never feel that so strongly as when I am in his presence. Come on. Where has our little jumper gone? Vanished! I hadn't noticed it. Heaven and Hell stand lonely and empty, nothing but clumsy chalk marks. And our little chief is up and away. Let us go, too.

'Tomorrow I shall return home. At the station I shall be received by my Stalin, who will immediately proceed to ask a multitude of clever questions about Germany and what is happening there. I shall have to pull myself together. The fellow knows a lot of statistics. We must walk faster, or I shall keep my pleasant host waiting. How shall I translate *him* into statistics tomorrow night? How serious life is!'

My Country, Right or Right

All this is in keeping with Gauleiter Wagner's theory of international law: 'Even if we have violated a treaty, nobody has the right to condemn us. What profits Germany is Right. What harms Germany is Wrong. And what the Führer decides is Right for all time.'

—From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

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Persons and Personages

Marshal Badoglio, Conqueror of Ethiopia

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich German Language Daily

PIEDMONT is the heart of the new Italy; it was the Italian pygmy state of Piedmont which achieved the military miracle of conquering three powers during the course of the *Risorgimento*—the House of Hapsburg in North Italy, the House of Bourbon in South Italy, and the Papal State in Central Italy—and creating, in three great stages, 1859, 1866 and 1870, the united kingdom of Italy. The Piedmontese army became the foundation for the Italian army, and the Piedmontese spirit became the military tradition of Italy, which lives still in the Italian army of today. At present its authoritative representative is Marshal Badoglio.

The Piedmontese stock is distinguished by unswerving perseverance. The Piedmontese seem to lack the emotional qualities ascribed to the Italians and the French. They strike a historical balance between Italy and France. The Piedmontese is neither passionate nor cold, but simply normal; his actions show a tenacity which is as intense in the end as in the beginning. Thus the Piedmontese reaches his goal at a rather moderate tempo; but he is perfectly at ease and as cheerful in the end as he was at the beginning. Today Marshal Badoglio is the most striking example of this indestructible mental and physical Piedmontese wholesomeness, of this epic strength of the Italian people.

Badoglio's career is a long, well-organized series of accomplishments. He was born in Grazzano Montferrato in 1871, the son of simple people. He attended military school and became an artillery officer. He participated as a lieutenant in the East-African campaign of 1895–96, and later attended the Military Academy. Because of his excellent record in action during the Libyan campaign of 1911–12 he was promoted to the rank of major. At the beginning of the Austro-Italian War, in 1915, he was a lieutenant-colonel with the second army corps; he became colonel and Chief of Staff of the Sixth Army Corps in 1916. Seven war promotions quickly followed. After the defeat of Caporetto, as Second Chief of Staff he was the real reorganizer of the Italian defense forces, and it was he who prepared the defensive on the Piave and the victory of Vittorio Veneto. He was the leader of the Italian Armistice Commission which negotiated with Austria in November, 1918. From 1919 to 1921 he was the Chief of the General Staff of the Army, later on envoy extraordinary to Rumania and America, and Ambassador to Brazil. In 1925 he was

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again appointed Chief of the General Staff, and in 1926 he received the title of *Maresciallo d'Italia;* in 1929 he was knighted, with the title of *Marchese del Sabotino*. From 1928 to 1933 he was Governor of Libya; later once again Supreme Chief of the General Staff of the entire Italian defense forces—until he took over the command in East Africa in 1935.

During the World War Badoglio was Second Chief of the General Staff. When, in certain sectors of the front, troops who had been in the trenches for a full year became exhausted, dissatisfaction spread. Badoglio knew that the situation could not be met by discussions at staff headquarters. He also knew that the troops had had a very hard time and quite often had good reasons for grumbling. He investigated the situation personally; day after day he went into the front trenches and spoke to the outposts. He approached the simple soldier as a comrade, inquired about his domestic conditions, whether he had good news from home, how long he had been in the trenches, and if the food was sufficient.

The privates confided in the high officer who came to the trenches to visit them. They answered truthfully and told him about their worries and apprehensions. Badoglio found time to take up every detail. He encouraged the soldiers and gave advice and active help. When a man had been in the trenches for too long a period, he gave him a hundred lire and got him a decent furlough, so that he could go home to his family and look after things. The troops were grateful for the fatherly care of their superior; they had unlimited confidence in Badoglio; what he said was well said, and what he did was well done. His orders were blindly followed. And thus the reorganization of the army was achieved organically, not merely mechanically; the army recuperated; the command won back its prestige, lost through incitement and propaganda. The rank and file went through fire and water for Badoglio because he was a 'good man.'

The 'good man,' however, could also be severe and hard, in accordance with military rules. He never argued; he acted. In 1918 he brought to a rapid close the negotiations with Austria which he conducted as head of the Armistice Commission. He succeeded in doing this because he did not let himself get involved in dialectical maneuvers. When, during the negotiations, a high Austrian officer vigorously opposed his demands, Badoglio turned away with the remark: '*Basta!* Under the circumstances we have nothing more to say!' Whereupon he quietly told his adjutant: 'Please make a telephone call and see to it that the order for the cessation of hostilities is withdrawn!' In the face of this decision the Austrian delegation was forced to accept the Italian stipulations.

In his operations Badoglio is never a hothead, but always a temperate and steady calculator. He placed special emphasis on keeping large

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reserves. In a report of 1920 he put forth the following point of view: 'In wartime the command must be exercised, strategically as well as tactically, in such a way as to preserve a maximum of material and human reserves; troops as well as ammunition must be carefully husbanded, to be put into lightning-like action at the decisive moment. In every instance this principle has scored the best results. Whenever this principle was abandoned, we ran into trouble.' In the Battle of the Piave, in 1918, which was so fateful for Italy, Badoglio illustrated this principle convincingly: out of the nineteen divisions that had been kept in reserve at the beginning of the operations, six divisions and the entire cavalry remained intact after the victory.

Badoglio is also a realistic calculator, and no 'office general.' He dismisses the most brilliant of theories with hearty laughter, while any simple and modest presentation of facts receives his serious attention. He never tries to apply a pre-conceived scheme to facts, or to press facts into theoretical fetters. Everything in Badoglio's strategic measures and tactics must be sound. He even suspects the reports he receives of being idealistic and theoretical, and thus he relies on his own eyes rather than on any information from others. When, one day, the Italian and foreign journalists tried to 'pump' him for exact details as to certain positions, the Marshal did give some clear-cut information about some of them, but remained so utterly silent about others that the correspondents finally asked him to give them some facts about these also. Whereupon Badoglio remarked drily: 'I can't tell you anything about them because I haven't seen them personally, and of course I don't trust the reports.'

Badoglio never engages in any large-scale operations until he has inspected things personally and in detail. Sometimes his critics have objected to his taking too much time; for instance, when weeks of inactivity passed after he took over the supreme command in East Africa. Rumors were spread to the effect that Badoglio wanted to transform the colonial war into a European-style one, a war of position, with trenches and barbed wire. But as soon as he had investigated everything sufficiently, when the reserves were ready and the whole front organized through and through, he won four decisive battles within the course of a few days. He always proceeded with circumspection and tranquillity, not too rapidly and not too slowly, with the certainty of a natural event.

He regards his strategic talent as a natural gift, without making much fuss about it. Thus it is his organizing ability that appears in the spotlight of public opinion, rather than his much more important strategic genius, which only the experts can fully appreciate. Badoglio is so efficient as an organizer that a military critic once remarked: 'If you give this man a pile of guns, messkits, and some soldiers, he will conjure up a fighting, organized army with a flick of his wrist.'

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In his private life this most eminent strategist of the new Italy is charmingly simple, cheerful and kind. When he visits his native village, Grazzano Montferrato, he enjoys mingling with the simple folk and going to the rural taverns to chat and to play games with the peasants. Then he takes off his coat and plays 'Boccia' with them for hours. The peasants are more afraid of him as a Boccia player than as a Marshal, because he always hits his partner's balls and even predicts in advance by what complicated maneuvers he is going to win. The prediction is usually correct, and the peasants admit his ability in simply stating, without special praise: 'Well, of course, Badoglio was just born that way . . .'

Before the battle of Amba Aradam took place, Badoglio told the assembled press correspondents exactly how he would achieve his victory, and what were his and the Negus's chances. He revealed his plans in detail, and afterward the correspondents were amazed to learn that his predictions had been correct, and not only as far as he himself was concerned, but also in regard to the Abyssinian troops. But Badoglio merely remarked: 'Thank heaven Amba Aradam has finally fallen! That mountain has been giving me indigestion for some time.'

Badoglio tries to keep aloof from fame. He transfers the glory of his deeds to his 'brave troops.' For him military genius is but a duty. No commander of his great popularity has ever held himself so aloof from ballyhoo or has remained so simple, prosaic, objective and modest.

Dr. Hugo Eckener: Zeppelin's Apostle

By H. R.

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-Language Daily

HUGO ECKENER of Flensburg had just finished his studies with Wilhelm Wundt of Leipzig, and had settled down in the then peaceful little fishing town of Friedrichshafen to devote several years to a great work on the causes of 'periodic economic crises.' The first volume of the work, *Shortage of Labor or Shortage of Money*, had just been published, and he had begun working on the second part, which was to get him a professorship. But just then the *Frankfurter Zeitung* asked him to report the announced ascensions of the 'Zeppelin Balloon.'

His first report was entitled *A Balloon Trip under Difficulties*. In it he said: 'Those in charge of the enterprise had thought of everything except the fact that an airship behaves like a fire-hose, and must be rehearsed like a play.'

Inflating the airship took twenty-five hours instead of five, a discovery which, in the words of the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* reporter, 'put

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the whole business of staging the first official ascension in a somewhat peculiar light . . . The entire country had been solemnly invited to a spectacle . . . of which not even the overture could be played.'

For many years the *Frankfurter Zeitung* did not think it worth while to send its own reporter to Lake Constance. For many years it continued to have Zeppelin's unending experiments covered by its occasional contributor, Dr. Eckener, a man who had studied psychology, philosophy and national economy, but who knew nothing whatever about technical matters. The whole Zeppelin business was regarded as the somewhat eccentric hobby of a cantankerous old gentleman. The reports were treated in a rather cavalier fashion, and appeared under the head of 'Miscellany.' Dr. Eckener himself was opposed to the whole thing because he was convinced that important economic resources were being needlessly squandered in a hopeless cause.

Inside of four years Zeppelin's fortune, which ran into the millions, had been exhausted. But money was the indispensable pre-requisite for building a new ship and undertaking further experiments. The German newspaper most widely read by business men and industrialists commented in an unfriendly fashion on all Zeppelin's experiments, and thus immeasurably complicated his money raising problems. The reporter for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* had now watched these efforts for four years. He had no faith in the cause. All the trials seemed to him to have failed, and he could not see why now, after four years, there had to be still more ballyhoo.

In the late summer of 1905 Count Zeppelin, retired general and ex-ambassador, drove to Dr. Eckener's little house in his coach-and-four, dressed in a top hat and a Prince Albert. He demanded that his adversary should at once drive out to the hangar with him to have the ship and the plan explained in detail by Zeppelin himself. Dr. Eckener raised objections. He said he did not believe he would be able to change his mind; he had checked the speeds and found them inadequate; the airship would never become a means of transportation; His Excellency would be exerting himself in vain.

But the old gentleman kept on talking. Inwardly Eckener began to grow impatient. Suddenly, however, he felt himself strangely stirred by the faith and vigor with which this man Zeppelin defended his cause. Just as Eckener was about to assent, much as one yields to a stubborn child, he saw a sight which moved him from earnest conversation to thoroughly impolite and inconsiderate laughter. As Dr. Eckener told me the story: Count Zeppelin had put down his top hat, brim up, next to a vase which stood on a little flower stand. Perhaps the decisiveness with which Zeppelin had sought out the residence of his keenest enemy had communicated itself to the movement with which he set his hat

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down. For at this point in the dramatic conversation, beyond the zealous, white-bearded face of Zeppelin Eckener saw the flower vase slowly inclining and pouring its water into the hat. Shaking with laughter, Eckener silently directed the bridling Zeppelin's attention to the spectacle. For the first time in their lives Zeppelin and Eckener both laughed simultaneously.

Ten minutes later Eckener drove out to the hangar in Zeppelin's carriage. There he was conducted for hours through the scaffolding of the new ship. Old Zeppelin climbed about with a speed which made it difficult for young Eckener to follow. He was shown plans, drawings, calculations, and when he finally took his leave he strode thoughtfully through the quiet town back to his little house. From that day on he was converted. More and more Zeppelin's cause took hold of him, and soon the convert became an apostle—the Paul of the airship.

The merit of the new apostle of the Zeppelin lies, above all, in the fact that—in contrast to Zeppelin—he recognized, correctly and sufficiently early, that the future of the airship was not in the military field (where airships have failed and always will fail) but in peaceful fields. He was the first to realize that airships must become a means of transportation or nothing at all.

'Your navigation is no good, your Excellency,' Eckener told Count Zeppelin. And Zeppelin, who was gifted with unerring instinct in all matters affecting his cause, replied: 'Come and work up a better one!'

His youth in Flensburg had made Eckener weather-wise. Relying on the preparatory work of Hugo Hergesell, he created air navigation and thus one of the most important factors of their safety. Before the War he organized the first air transportation company. After the War he kept together the skilled nucleus of Zeppelin's workers; to keep them from scattering he had them manufacture aluminum cooking ware for two years, as long as the building of new airships was prohibited and there was no money for them anyway. By means of a bold plan he saved Zeppelin's work from destruction. In matters of navigation he was captain; in matters of business he was the business man; and he became a politician of great ability in the cause of the struggling airship industry.

As captain and statesman he grew to know the world, and to love freedom. He appointed himself 'ambassador extraordinary of good will,' and once he even decided to enter heart and soul into the political arena. When Hindenburg's first term as President of the German Reich neared its end, Hindenburg at first did not want to run again. Even at that time the success of the present German Chancellor was a foregone conclusion unless he was opposed by a man of the broadest possible popularity.

Besides Hindenburg himself there was only one man in Germany whose name at that time held out hopes of a successful candidacy against

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Hitler. That man was Hugo Eckener. The Republican parties contacted him and he replied that he had never intended to engage in politics except in behalf of air transportation, which was his life work. From his knowledge of the world, however, he was of the opinion that Hitler's victory would mean Germany's isolation. If he could be convinced that he alone could save Germany from this fate, he would not shirk his duty. In those weeks Hugo Eckener made the only political speech of his life. It would be interesting to read it again today. Hindenburg, however, did run a second time . . .

Karlis Ulmanis, Latvia's Dictator

By René Puaux

Translated from the *Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

On the night of May 15–16, 1934, the President of the Latvian Council, Karlis Ulmanis, and the Minister of War, General Janis Balodis, decreed a state of siege for a period of six months. It has been constantly maintained ever since. At the same time the 'House of Commons' was occupied by troops; the 'most turbulent' Socialist leaders and the legionaries were arrested and their secret arsenals revealed and confiscated. The parties were dissolved, and the deputies were advised to indulge in any hobby they pleased except that of politics. This was done without ballyhoo, without demonstrations, and with so much discretion that three-quarters of Europe is today still unaware of the fact that Latvia is under the heel of a dictatorship. Karlis Ulmanis thus has the right to be included in the already imposing gallery of twentieth century dictators, and a sketch of his personality and his life will perhaps be appropriate.

This giant of fifty-eight looks like a Yankee from the Middle West. He reminds me of the Mayor of Saint Paul, Minnesota, a man of Swedish origin, built like an ex-prizefighter, with hair which rebels against the rule of comb and pomade, and is curled in thin tufts above his ruddy, childlike face. Karlis Ulmanis has spent five years in America. He bears the marks of it.

He was born on September 4, 1877, in a Kurzeme (formerly Courland) farmhouse in Berzmuiza; and he attended the public and secondary schools of Jelgava. His parents, well-to-do farmers, sent him to an East Prussian dairy farm for a term of apprenticeship. At twenty he returned to Riga, and went to work on the agricultural journals *Zemkopis* (The Farmer) and *Majas Viesis* (The Friend of the Family). In 1899 he spoke up at the first dairymen's congress in Riga, inaugurated a series of meet-

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ings on the same subject in the provinces, and became one of the founders of the Agricultural Inspection Societies.

In 1903 he attended the school of agriculture at the University of Zurich, spent two years at the University of Leipzig and returned to Latvia to place himself at the disposal of the Baltic Agricultural Society. But he arrived at a moment when the revolutionary movement of 1905 was casting suspicion on young men whose patriotism was too ardent. He was arrested and released; but he had to leave the country, and so he accepted an appointment as a professor at a German agricultural school.

In 1907 he emigrated to the United States, where he attended Lincoln University in Nebraska, pursuing his agricultural studies and then, having received his degree, lecturing. From America he sent articles to the Latvian periodicals, always on the subject that was dearest to him, and in which he had become a competent authority: namely, agriculture.

The amnesty of 1913 permitted him to return to his native country, where he again took up his activities as a lecturer, at the same time editing an agricultural magazine, *Zeme* (The Land). When the War broke out, he directed the evacuation of the peasant population of Kurzeme. In 1917, in Valka, he founded the Farmers' Union, of which he was elected President. The Provisional Government of Russia appointed him vice-governor of Vidzeme (formerly Livonia) and—in response to the wishes of the local authorities—he remained in Riga during the German occupation. There he created the Democratic Latvian bloc, while the National Latvian Council was set up at Valka.

On November 18, 1918, when the Volksrat proclaimed the independence of Latvia, it was Karlis Ulmanis who was approached with the task of forming the first cabinet. This cabinet functioned until June 18, 1921, during the whole terrible period of the German offensive of von der Gollz and Bermond Aveloff. Karlis Ulmanis returned to power in 1925, 1931 and 1934. The Latvian Parliament of one-hundred members included twenty groups which gave themselves over frenziedly to the intrigues of lobbying and dreamt only of overthrowing cabinets in order to prove their own political maturity. The pursuit of this unfruitful game led to disaster.

In the fall of 1933 Karlis Ulmanis proposed a constitutional reform. The Diet took evident pleasure in tearing the plan to pieces in order to preserve every last morsel of the selfish interests of its members. During this time the 'leaders of the proletariat' armed themselves for the future glory of Communism. In reply the extreme Right organized 'Legions,' which were ready to go out into the streets.

On the night of May 16, Karlis Ulmanis surprised the whole world by locking up and disarming the ringleaders of both the Left and the Right. This he did with the smiling briskness of a robust peasant to

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whom political theories seem fruitless as well as dangerous. From his long stay in America he had retained—we spoke English when he told me this—a businessslike attitude toward public affairs, which, after all, were not very different, as far as procedure was concerned, from business affairs. But, as he frequently proclaimed, no serious industry contracts expenses without taking its revenues into account. Real competence is more useful than mere oratorical talents. Avoid intermediaries and achieve economies.

Freed from parliamentary fetters, Karlis Ulmanis, playing on the plain confidence of the peasant majority of the Latvian people, tackled the essential problems: the production of flax, of butter, or pork, of wood. He kept the currency stable, encouraged exports. He created a Chamber of Agriculture, a Chamber of Commerce and of Industry. And he laid the foundation for a Vocational Bureau and a Labor Exchange.

And so far everything has proceeded as in an enterprise where the boss knows the machinery well enough to begin as an apprentice.

The *Vadonios* (the Latvian equivalent of *Führer* or *Duce*) remains a pleasant giant in suspenders, without a brown shirt or a black one, without a Sam Brown belt across his large chest, without riding boots or horse whip. He keeps house in Latvia like a *pater familias*—severe, but just.

The Versatility of Mr. Lubitsch

By A Film Correspondent

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Paper

IN A SUITE near the French delegates at the Savoy Hotel, surrounded —for it is his honeymoon—with banks of spring flowers, is a little, dark, swift-eyed man who has possibly done more for the cinema than any film director living.

Other directors have made individually finer films than Ernst Lubitsch. Chaplin is the greater artist; Clair has the wittier spirit; Pudowkin speaks with the greater authority. But not one of them has Lubitsch's rich combination of consistence and versatility; not one of them can be counted on to make so many, and so many different, films so well.

Lubitsch is a man whom time and circumstance have never beaten. All his career has been a story of experiment and adaptation. His style has changed from spectacle to tragedy, from tragedy to burlesque, from burlesque to musical romance, from romance to melodrama, from melodrama to satire, with equal versatility. Twice in his work he has come up

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against a major crisis—once when he moved from Berlin to Hollywood, once when sound revolutionized the industry—and each time he emerged successfully and with an added zest.

No other director has such a list of joyous films to his credit. *Sumurun*, *Forbidden Paradise*, *The Marriage Circle*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Love Parade*, *Monte Carlo*, *Trouble in Paradise*, *Design for Living*,—they were all Lubitsch's.

'I have always enjoyed myself in pictures,' he says simply. 'Yes, there has been fun and tragedy in my life, but mostly fun.'

He speaks to you quick and eagerly, in good working American with a German rotundity. His 'Yes,' is a rich mixture of the American 'Yeah' and the German 'Ja.' His eye is always cocked for humor. I have never seen him without a cigar.

He is, in an interview, a great ragger, mainly, I think, as a defense against the indiscretions of the *genus* reporter. If you can get under his guard with a quick one, he likes you for it. He is ready with the right answer, but his eyes gleam with pleasure at the challenge. A talk with Ernst Lubitsch is a fine spar.

'In America,' he told me, smoking his cigar among the tulips, 'you must have humor. You can put over the most serious drama if it is salted with humor. You must learn to laugh at things. That is where so many European directors have made their mistake in Hollywood.'

'Like Dupont and Sjostrom?' I asked, quickly.

But he was ready.

'Like nobody in particular. But it is an essential condition of film-making. And you must move with the times—never fight against new technical conditions.'

'Meaning,' I said, 'that you must now make films in color?'

'Of course we shall have to make films in color. As soon as I get back to Hollywood, I shall experiment with more color pictures for Paramount. The thing is inevitable. Presently, all films will be in color, though I don't know when. Five years? Three years? Perhaps sooner. I can't say.'

'And then stereoscopy?'

'And then stereoscopy.'

'And then television?'

'And then television.'

'And then what?'

'Ah, what! But does it matter? We look ahead too much. We are always worrying about what will happen in ten, twenty years' time. What will happen, must happen. We can't change it, and we can't expedite it. The only thing is to accept changing conditions as they come, and in the meantime make the best of what we have today.'

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'And did you feel so philosophic,' I asked him, 'when the talkies came along to stop you making films like *Forbidden Paradise* and *The Marriage Circle?*'

'*Ja*,' he said, grinning. 'I welcomed the talkies. There had always seemed to me something missing in silent films. For one thing, I hated the sub-titles. If you remember, in my silent pictures, I had the minimum of sub-titles. If I had to choose, I would say the best of all my pictures was *Trouble in Paradise*—a talkie.'

'Will you make more films like that?'

'I don't know. I should like to make another costume piece—like *The Patriot*. I think the times are ready. But you cannot tell from month to month what will be the apposite subject. Who knows what will happen next year in the cinema?'

'I wish you would guess,' I said. 'Guess at least what will be England's position in the film industry.'

'England? England has a great chance. London right now is the center of European production. If the English producers aren't dazzled by talk of millions, and overbuild, spending vast sums on studios they can't staff, they are—what do you call it?—in a sweet spot. The three biggest stars of last year, you must remember, were all English—Laughton, Donat, Merle Oberon—'

'All Korda's discoveries,' I murmured wickedly.

'All great stars,' he amended with a twinkle. 'And characteristic of changing taste. Ten years ago a star like Charles Laughton could not have been popular. The public wanted pretty heroes. Today they are beginning to understand great acting.'

'A happy thought for a finale,' I said. 'You really think that public taste is improving?'

'*Ja*. Assuredly. They will not stand any longer for exhibitions of mugging. Do you have that word in English?'

'We understand it,' I said sadly, and rose to go. At the door I turned. I could not resist it.

'Mr. Lubitsch,' I asked, 'how did you come to make that one terrible, really terrible picture? *Eternal*—'

'Sh!' he said, looking round him, finger on lip. 'I had hoped no one would remember. It was so long ago, eight years or more. You really remember it? Confound you! I will tell you something. I was in New York with my assistant for the première. I saw the final copy. I said to my assistant, "Be prepared, we leave town Wednesday." He said: "Why? The film will not be shown till Thursday." I told him, "*Ja*, therefore we leave town Wednesday." Couldn't we agree to forget it?'

'Mr. Lubitsch,' I assured him, 'from now onward, so far as I am concerned, *Eternal Love* has never been made.'

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Who is Ribbentrop?

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-Language Daily

HITLER'S ambassador extraordinary, Joachim von Ribbentrop, who recently conducted such important negotiations in London, has been the subject of a study by Louis Delaprée in the *Paris Soir*. Of special interest in this account is the juxtaposition of statements by Ribbentrop's friends and enemies.

What His Friends Say:—	What His Enemies Say:—
About his Family	
Springs from an old Rhenish family, the son of a certain Richard von Ribbentrop and his wife, née Sophie Hertwig.	His real name is merely Ribbentrop. He met by accident an elderly General von Ribbentrop, who adopted him.
His Education	
Academy in Metz; college in Grenoble and London; an excellent student.	A mediocre student in Germany; expelled from three schools for infractions of discipline.
His Youth	
Emigrated to Canada at eighteen; worked for several import houses; went through severe struggles.	Dissipated a fortune inherited from an uncle in drinking and other debaucheries in London and Paris.
His War Record	
Enlisted with the Twelfth Hussars in September, 1914; staff officer with General von Seeckt; in 1918 sent on a special mission to Turkey; entered the reserve with the rank of Colonel.	Drafted in 1915; deserted in 1917 by escaping to Sweden during a furlough; a few months later offered his services to the German Intelligence Service, and was sent to the Turkish Front.
His Political Orientation	
At first a Liberal, then a guest of the Herrenclub; became a Nazi when he reached the conclusion that only Hitler could save Germany.	Was a Social Democrat as long as that seemed advantageous; became a Nazi when the Nazis gained power.
His Income	
Entered the wine business; met one of the greatest liquor barons; married his daughter and managed his business.	Represented the wine firm of Henckel; courted the owner's daughter, who married him against her father's will.

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From London comes fare for every taste: Clive Bell on the decorations of the *Queen Mary;* Osbert Sitwell being waggish about dwarfs; and two others on, respectively, the 'interests' and cats.

An English Miscellany

I. Inside the *Queen Mary*

By Clive Bell

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

THE beauty of the ship, her gracile slenderness, as one looks along her tapering and swelling hull from some point exactly in front of the bows, or, as seen from the opposite bank, her precipitous side-on splendor is so satisfying that the seeker after beauty who has no intention of crossing the Atlantic may be advised to go no farther. Inside waits disappointment. And yet nine-tenths of the interior would have been well enough, and something more than well, if only the people who settle these things could have let it alone. The ship is lined in wood as a ship should be, lined with veneers of every texture and color, ordered as often as not with considerable taste. But the good wood surface has been broken up and disfigured with what business men call 'art.'

It was decided by those who decide these things that the *Queen Mary* should be decorated. The experiment might have been interesting. There are plenty of serious artists in England, some of whom are not only serious but gifted. To what extent they are gifted for decoration on the grand scale we do not know. Here was a chance of putting them to the test.

Gifted and serious artists, however, do not commend themselves to a certain kind of business man, and assuredly the men who ordered and interfered with the decoration of the

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Queen Mary are of that kind. So, any serious artist who has had the misfortune to be stumbled on by the management has, it seems, been diverted from his or her natural bent; has been hampered by stupid and ignorant instructions; and, when all else failed, has had his or her achievement stultified by a crushingly inappropriate setting.

About the wholly or partially frustrated efforts of these artists I shall have a word to say presently; but neither they, nor the veneer-setters, set the tone of the boat. That is set by 'the management,' and what the management wants, and gets, is the humoristic-artistic. That is the prevailing note: the Teddy Bear style. Nothing is suffered to be merely good-looking: it must be funny as well; which means that hardly anything is good-looking and that almost everything is vulgar. The managers, having voted recklessly for decoration, have been overtaken by terror lest they should be accused of a taste for art: 'they will be calling us highbrows next.' To escape this deadly impeachment they have decided to make a joke of it. The decoration of the *Queen Mary* is facetious.

As I was saying, a few serious artists have been employed: Wadsworth, Cedric Morris, Lambert, Skeaping, Vanessa Bell, Connard and Newton, for instance. I am surprised to find myself naming the last two, whom, to be frank, I am not in the habit of thinking of as artists at all. But it must be admitted that Connard's decoration in the main restaurant 'comes off,' as does one of Wadsworth's in the smoking-room; also, these are the only big decorative schemes that do come off. Connard's *Merrie England* will not bear looking into, of course: every form in itself is feeble and commonplace; but as 'decoration' the whole is effective and pleasant.

In the smoking-room Wadsworth has done something really interesting with a decoration that pulls the piece together notwithstanding the effort of a bunch of hideous nodosities and carvings to disintegrate it. He has painted two panels, one at each end of the room: of these one is first-rate, the other—an affair of rigging—a comparative failure; and it does not need a very acute eye to perceive that the failure owes its rather feeble, compromising character to official interference. Whether the fine abstract panel will continue to tell when to the murderous effect of the wooden gargoyles is added that of the upholstery, I do not know.

When I was shown over the boat, almost all the furniture was under housings, which, so far as I could judge, was a bit of good luck for me. What I did see was all in the palace hotel style. In early days we were told that the artists were to be allowed to choose their own settings, but naturally this could not be allowed. They might have chosen beautiful stuffs which did not look expensive.

II

Newton's picture—which is a picture and not a decoration—is, I dare say, no more significant than the rest of his work; but it was a treat to see a calm, carefully painted English landscape in the midst of this fun-fair. Here at any rate was something that did not giggle. There are two private dining-rooms on the ship, both of

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which will make decent settings for a party—small paneled chambers with a picture in each; but this again, since the artists have not designed the furniture or chosen the upholstery, is not decoration.

The best picture is that by Vanessa Bell, but it is a picture and pretends to be nothing more. Laura Knight, another serious artist, has unfortunately failed on this occasion. Her panel is too heavy and spatially complicated for a room of this size. Overcomplication in applied art—for a panel designed to set off a particular room is applied art—is, by the way, Miss Knight's besetting sin, as appeared in that curious dinner service she produced a couple of years ago.

It is generally known that Duncan Grant, the best decorative artist in England and one of the best England has produced, was to have made lovely the central lounge. He was to have carried out a complete scheme, panels, upholstery and all. Had he done so, the result must have been a landmark in the history of decorative art. It is known also that all competent judges who have seen his canvases—for the work was done—consider them masterpieces. It goes without saying that the managers did not like them; but it is, perhaps, a little surprising that they should have refused to put them up. Frankly, is it proper or seemly that on a matter of taste some ignorant business man should be allowed to overrule the best official and unofficial opinion in England?

To name the persons who have disfigured this beautiful ship with their titterings in paint, wood, glass, plaster and metal would be invidious, and is, fortunately, unnecessary. Their doings may be compared with those of the mosaicists—almost all of them—who have defiled the glorious interior of Westminster Cathedral; happily these are not indestructible. The better of them—those that titter least—are merely feeble; the worse are quaintly vulgar. They do not matter: it is the prevailing mood that matters, and this, we may take it, was inspired by the management. The artistico-comical creeps all over the ship, and proclaims the frivolous and frightened attitude to art of rich people who are not sure of themselves.

The whole boat giggles from stem to stern. Even the modest, unpainted studio, a small room provided with a piano for practice, has not escaped the infection: the carpet, the very windows are prettified with treble clefts, crotchets, and quavers. In the gymnasium are comic boxers, in the cabin nursery—but the cabin nursery will not bear remembering. And, as the ladies and gentlemen who have been employed to hide the walls have not the remotest idea of decoration, all they have been able to do is to make funny drawings, that would look mean in illustrated papers, and aggrandize them. There is something peculiarly depressing about a comic strip raised to the power of a hundred.

The answer to this criticism is no doubt that the company knows what its customers like. I wonder. It may be so, but like Malvolio I think more nobly of the soul. It is significant, perhaps, that the 'tourist' (second) class apartments are much to be preferred to the 'cabin' or first. Here both veneer and glass have been used with surer and more consistent taste and with better effect. You cannot expect much business man's art for a second-class fare. But, considering the interior

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as a whole, I do believe, if the business men could not leave the wood alone—which, being business men, they could not—they would have done better to hand the ship over to some large firm of upholsterers who would have fitted it out in any style of period-plenishing from Middle Minoan to *Art Nouveau*.

II. The Conspiracy of the Dwarfs

By Osbert Sitwell

From the *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

HEIGHT, I suppose, like beauty, resides in the eye of the beholder. Sculptors, for example, invariably present Queen Victoria to us as a seated giantess, though the whole charm and dignity of her appearance consisted in her being so small.

All writers, again, are imagined by the non-writing world as essentially tiny and insect-like (for writers are not popular); while the height of Mr. Bernard Shaw ever comes, I fancy—and so does his geniality—as a shock to those who have not seen him before; for they, like his works, have been misrepresented.

Again, caricaturists have always represented me as a thin, black dwarf of somewhat Semitic appearance, whereas in reality—unless my mirror lies—I am not by any means either as short—or as black—as I am painted, or, more often, drawn. Besides, the tape-measure supports the statement of my mirror: somewhat over six feet in height. Nevertheless, many today are certainly much taller.

For the truth is that, though we may not be much wiser, we are certainly much taller than our ancestors. The cave-dwellings reveal the traces of a small, if wiry, people; and in mediæval times armor crushed and contracted the physique of the governing classes, wrong and bad feeding that of the governed; for a winter diet of salt fish once every twenty-four hours, day in and day out, without ever a sight of fruit or vegetables, was their lot. No vitamins worried their heads; none ever figured in the food of the Middle Ages.

Height, of course, does singularly vary with the generations. It is said that after the decimation of the French race by the Napoleonic and Franco-Prussian wars the average Frenchman lost two inches or so of his stature.

Certainly they have recaptured it since the end of the last war. If now traveling abroad you ever see a tall man looking typically English, he always turns out to be a Frenchman. It is not, therefore, as though Englishmen were the only tall race. (And here we may notice, in parentheses, that it is curious that the citizens of a free democracy should be tall, for surely the essence of democracy is that all should be short and of the same size?)

Why, then, when the young are so tall, when height has so much increased, is the modern world entirely constructed for the benefit of the dwarf?

Looking round it is indeed hard not to believe that there is in process a conspiracy of dwarfs. It is all very well for the poet to sing:—

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How jolly are the dwarfs, the little ones, the Mexicans,

but they are not as jolly as they seem, being a cruel and malignant race. Everywhere you go—'you' signifying any ordinary person of ordinary size—you are compelled to walk almost on all fours; a penalty comparable to those exacted in medieval times, when sinners, or those who had made vows, were induced to crawl up the aisles of cathedrals on hands and knees.

Go to the National Gallery, for example. The rooms, though certainly empty, are lofty, old-fashioned ones; but only try to look at the pictures! The bigger, more important works are hung just below the level of the neck, though the whole of the space above them is empty, so that this must have been done on purpose, and is not merely accidental.

By craning, it is just possible to see —though not to enjoy—as much of the canvas as the reflection in the glass allows; for the image of a custodian sleeping on his chair, or of rows of empty benches and skylights, is superimposed upon the artist's conception of Mrs. Siddons or of Bacchus and his pards.

To see any fragment of the second row of pictures, however, hung just above the wainscotting, it is necessary to throw yourself, after the manner of the Moor in *Petrouchka*, at full length on the floor, and then push upward with the arms.

But this behavior, though necessary, unfortunately worries the attendants and embarrasses any spectators who may chance to be in the room; though most of them, since they come here to 'do the sights,' are not perturbed by the fact that under no circumstances can they possibly see the pictures. The dwarfs are, indeed, triumphant.

Very probably, gentle reader, you, though tall, are one who prefers the picture theater to the picture gallery, and therefore doubt the truth of this particular conspiracy. But the patron of the picture theater, too, is victimized. Just try pushing your way between two rows of seats.

As for hotels, they are entirely built for the midget tribe. Attempt to wash your hands in any modern hotel bedroom; only by going down on your knees, that terrible classic attitude of submission, is it possible; only thus can you gain quarter. The wardrobes, whether let into the wall or boldly jutting out from it, are made too shallow for suits and too short for dresses. If the cupboard is not built in, its corners will knock out your eye every time you pass it.

But, worst of all, try to unpack your case from the stand which the authorities provide for it. Often the wretched victims must remain there for ten or fifteen minutes before they can straighten themselves out again. Only a long series of Dalcroze eurythmics or practice in the gymnasium can help you in this direction.

The private house, it is true, is less dwarf-ridden than the hotel, but there are also the low-ceilinged ranges of modern flats. Choose any one you like and try to wash up the cups and plates at the sink. Your least reward, the lightest penalty which the dwarfs decree for you, is a sharp attack of lumbago.

And what of the aluminum chairs, which, it seems, may hold you in their cold embrace for ever without your being able to rise?

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Again, cars are nowadays constructed solely for dwarfs. Only a manikin, a midget of two feet high, can be comfortable in them. To reach the further seat is a torture to anyone over that height, while to leave it, to get your feet on the step, you are obliged to adopt the position of a dancer in the famous Cossack dance—is it called the gopak?—arms crossed, one leg doubled, the other straight out in front of you at right angles. 'Ai, Ai, Ai!' you must shout.

Only in one instance are the giants victorious. The Tube trains must have been designed to avenge our sufferings. As you rush shrieking through the burrow at sixty miles an hour, observe the poor little people swinging, like so many monkeys, from the straps, or, in some cases, looking at them wistfully: for they are out of reach.

III. 'THEY'

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

A DISTINGUISHED person who had just received a title was being congratulated by a friend.

'You ought to have had it long ago,' said the friend.

'Well, actually, three years ago they told me. . .'

'Excuse me,' interrupted the friend, 'but who are "they"?'

There was no answer.

'I wish you'd tell me,' said the friend. 'I'm always hearing about "they" and what "they" do, and I've come to the conclusion that if only I knew who "they" are, I should know who governs us.'

Who does govern us? When we were very young indeed, we used to think it was the King sitting on his throne with a crown perched on his head. Later on we knew that that was a childish fantasy. Really we were governed by the Prime Minister or by the Cabinet or by Parliament. Time passed, and we knew that that was a boyish fantasy. Really we were governed by the Civil Service—those bureaucrats! More time passed, and with the wisdom of age we came to suspect that that was a middle-aged fantasy. We no longer believed that we were governed either by this man or by that, by this one element in the constitution or by the other. The power behind the Government and behind the Civil Service and behind (very much behind) public opinion is an anonymous, intangible, almost irresistible entity which is almost always referred to by the use of the third person plural and takes its place in the unwritten scheme of the Constitution as 'they.'

Mr. Rudyard Kipling once wrote a short story which he called *They*. It was a very mystical story; for 'they' were the souls of dead children who haunted a garden and were very elusive indeed. But their presence could occasionally be detected by a trained sense which knew how to search for them and where. They who govern us are not, perhaps, quite such insubstantial fairies as they in Mr. Kipling's garden, but they are scarcely less elusive or less difficult to detect;

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and although now and again by a miscalculation or mischance they are caught in the light of day, generally the observer has to know a good deal of their methods and movements before he begins to recognize their handiwork.

In an age of publicity they do not court the limelight, and they prefer, as a rule, not to appear in person. In the intimacy of a room in Whitehall their arguments will be cogent and convincing; but they do not in the ordinary course make platform speeches, choosing rather to inspire and supervise the eloquence of others than to proffer their views and policy direct to the public. They like to do their business through a middle-man, remaining themselves what the lawyers call 'undisclosed principals.'

But for all their reticence and retirement there is no speech or language in which their voice is not heard. It is heard in the precise phrases of an Act of Parliament; in the undulating periods of an elder statesman; in the smooth pleadings of a barrister-politician; in the clarion calls of a great patriot; in the gruff pronouncements of a trades union leader; in the cultured voice of the talkie machine at the local cinema. Not one of these media will they in their catholicity disdain. But not often will you be allowed to catch the voice of Jacob in the speech of Esau.

Now and again some Paul Pry who has gone out hunting for vested interests will make a fuss and cause them a certain amount of embarrassment—will even, when he has had a good day's hunting, drag one of them, head, shoulders, trunk, legs and feet, into the public gaze. Paul Pry cannot often obtain publicity for his complaints and criticisms, but sometimes he succeeds. Then John Bull realizes for a brief moment that they are producing quite an astonishing amount of some commodity that is no good for anything except to produce some other commodity, and that this second commodity is being sold only because John Bull is subscribing £1 out of his own pocket for every £1 that the commodity sells for. He discovers, but is apt to forget rather quickly, that they are doing very nicely and drawing very pleasant dividends at his expense and for their benefit.

Or—still more embarrassing—an inquisitive Yankee will launch an inquiry into how they sell their guns and shells and to whom, and how they start their panics, and how they torpedo disarmament conferences, and into the stories they tell to the press and the influence that they bring to bear in what is known as the Right Quarter. When that happens, they must bestir themselves and set up the right smoke screen in the Right Quarter to obscure their past and future movements from sight and thought.

Sometimes even—and this is perhaps most painful of all—they will fall out among themselves and publicly accuse each other of not playing the game in the Right Way. Then you may hear one of them openly complaining that another of them has not done the proper thing by him. It will appear that measures put forward and put over for their mutual benefit are being used too much for the advantage of one of them and to the positive detriment of another of them.

But happily, most happily, open disputes among them are not usual. For they are men of common sense,

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and they appreciate the fact that if one of them has put prices up too quickly for the convenience of another of them, it is much better to talk the little problem over between them in private than to air the grievance in public and so lead to possible misunderstandings in the mind of the public.

Between them, after all, there must be give and take, and with mutual forbearance and patience and a decent reticence there is enough for all of them. And anyhow dog does not eat dog. This very sensible line of argument will always appeal to them, and any little burst of irritation from one of them will be forgotten, forgiven, and not repeated.

In the last four years they have had a splendid time. What with tariffs and quotas and marketing boards and subsidies, their interests have grown more and more firmly vested, and (what is nicest of all) they have reason to think that they will have the whip hand in future.

'It may be,' they will murmur into the ear of the Right Person, 'that the public is paying a good deal for our products and that our show is, as you say, preposterously uneconomic, but you daren't let us down. It is true that the Committee, which you so unnecessarily appointed to investigate, has reported unfavorably on us, but you daren't take its advice. If you do, we shall shut our factories, and then our workmen and our shareholders will suffer. And you will not forget that both our workmen and our shareholders (we refer, of course, to such of our shareholders as are of British nationality) have votes. Now be sensible. Go and make one of your perfectly splendid speeches showing how tariffs simultaneously raise prices for the producer and lower them for the consumer. And leave the rest to us.'

So when we hear, as in time we doubtless shall, that a subsidy has been arranged out of public funds to encourage the growth of pineapples in Aberdeenshire, and that a marketing board has been set up for the better regulation of the sale of yellow trouser buttons in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, then we shall know that they, in the process of governing England, have seen the commercial possibilities of pineapples and yellow trouser buttons; and what they get they will hold.

IV. The Intelligence of Cats

By Michael Joseph

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

In MOST arguments about animal intelligence cat-lovers are an eloquent minority. A comparison between cats and dogs is inevitably made, nearly always to the cat's disadvantage. The dog has all the virtues which gratify his master's sense of proprietorship. He is useful, loyal, good-tempered, demonstrative, and always ready to adapt himself to his owner's mood. The cat is independent, fastidious, disobedient, and master of his own destiny. It is because the cat is relatively unpopular that his intelligence

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is in danger of under-estimation. Unpopular animals are rarely credited with their good qualities.

Sentiment and tradition are largely responsible for popular fallacies about animals. The lion is universally hailed as the king of beasts, whereas he is in fact inferior in courage, strength and skill to other animals. But he looks the part. The intelligence of the horse is overrated, because he is a handsome and willing creature. The dog is by tradition the friend of man, and I will not deny that he deserves his popularity, although I suspect he is often credited with more intelligence than he really has. The squirrel is a pretty little thing, but does far more damage than the rat and is infinitely more cruel and destructive to bird life than the cat.

Yet the cat is more unpopular. The very qualities which excite the admiration of his friends cause him to be disliked by others. Few people will take the trouble to insinuate themselves into friendship with a cat. Why should they? If all they want is an affectionate, uncritical, obedient companion, there is always a dog to be had. It is only the true cat-lover who can understand the subtlety of the cat's character.

The intelligence of animals is a favorite subject with the present-day biologist. Scientists claim that they can assess the intelligence of any living creature by applying a series of laboratory tests. An American authority on animal psychology recently rated animal intelligence in this order: chimpanzee, orang-outang, elephant, gorilla, dog, beaver, horse, sea-lion, bear—with the cat tenth on the list.

It is easy to dispute an individual assessment of intelligence. Consider the notorious fallibility of examinations. Every schoolmaster knows that the student who excels in the examination room is not necessarily superior to others who are mentally or temperamentally unable to do themselves justice in written papers. I wonder whether the scientists are on the right track. Can the cat be classified by scientific experiments? Remember that cats are peculiarly sensitive and temperamental creatures. You can learn nothing about them unless you first establish friendly relations, and that takes time, sympathy and patience.

The nature of the scientific tests from which the cat emerges so discreditably in the eyes of the professors is worth examination. A favorite method is the maze. A cat (or other animal) is put in the maze and left to find his way out. Usually a reward of food is placed at the exit. The maze can be fairly simple, with only one blind alley, or more intricate with many turnings. Another instrument is the puzzle-box. This is a kind of cage from which the imprisoned animal can only escape by manipulating latches and similar contrivances. The victim's intelligence is measured by the speed with which it overcomes mechanical obstacles and the faculty it shows for recognizing and memorizing such artificial devices as a white card placed over the correct exit from a maze.

II

Such experiments are presumably based on the assumption that the captive wishes to escape or eat as quickly as possible. The food placed at the exit may be a magnet for some animals, but to try to induce a cat to per-

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form any sort of evolution for the sake of food betrays a complete misunderstanding of feline nature. Fear has a stronger influence over cats than hunger; and every cat-lover knows that a frightened or even an offended cat cannot be tempted by food. The fallacy underlying these 'scientific' experiments is quite plain, except to the scientists. Their idea appears to be to test animals by human standards.

Up to a point such a test probably is illuminating, provided it is only applied to animals like the chimpanzee, who are physically capable of imitating human actions and to whom such imitations are plainly congenial. Nothing could be more uncongenial to a cat, on the other hand, than imitations of human beings.

I like to imagine a new Gulliver in Cat-Land, put through his paces by inquisitive cats. What an unhappy and unsuccessful time this Gulliver would have!

In Cat-Land he would cut a sorry figure. He would be made to jump 'blind,' to judge distance to the fraction of an inch, to climb, to move adroitly, to fend for himself in primitive surroundings, to catch fish with his hands, to defend himself against the aggression of menacing creatures much heavier and stronger than himself. By cat-standards poor Gulliver would fail as miserably as the cat in the hands of the human investigators.

It is impossible to understand cats on the strength of superficial acquaintance. They are shy, unobtrusive creatures who prefer solitude to uncongenial company. Unlike dogs, they are not anxious to make a good impression. In the cat's personality there is aloofness, pride and a profound dignity. Even the most ordinary cat has a touch of the aristocrat. The cat does not ask to be understood. The blandishments of other more sociable animals are not in his line. If human beings are so foolish as to regard him as the social inferior of the dog, as a convenient mousetrap and nothing else, the cat's philosophy is proof against such injustice. He goes his own way, blandly indifferent to human folly. It is not his business to correct it.

Above all, the cat is independent. If he chooses, he will follow you around, play with you, demonstrate his affection; but try to exact obedience from a cat and you will immediately find it is not forthcoming. Even Siamese cats, who are more responsive than other breeds, will refuse to do what they are told. If I say to my dog, 'Come here,' he comes. I have not the slightest doubt that my cat understands me, but unless he feels like it, I can summon him in vain.

This reluctance to obey—call it perversity if you will—is responsible for the common lack of appreciation of the cat. His disregard of us and our wishes is disagreeably unflattering. The trouble is that we human beings are so vain that we look upon the habits of any domestic animal (of course, the cat is not truly domesticated) as being specially developed for our benefit. The dog or monkey who will learn mechanical tricks for the reward of a pat on the head or a piece of sugar is acclaimed for his skill. And this ability to understand *and obey* is applauded as a sign of intelligence. The cat, on the other hand, applies his skill and intelligence to his own purposes.

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Because I think that intelligence is something more than the ability to understand and to obey, I offer this definition of animal intelligence: *an animal's ability to reason and act for itself, in any situation which may arise in its experience, without human interference.*

Judged by this standard, the cat passes with distinction. If there is an opportunist in the animal world, it is the cat. He is independent and resourceful; and innumerable stories have been told by such expert observers as the late W. H. Hudson which confirm the view that the cat is a highly intelligent animal. There can be no doubt that animals exhibit activities which are obviously not mechanical, and that the cat is one of the animals which can learn and profit by experience. The extent of the cat's intelligence can only be gauged, in my opinion, by close observation allied to a peculiar sympathy with the cat's character. That is where the scientists go wrong. A detached and objective attitude towards cats is likely to yield very misleading results; and although allowance must be made for the excessive enthusiasm of the cat-lover, I am convinced that the cat can only be understood and appreciated by his friends.

Seaside

By W. H. Auden

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf, and the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these clouds do,
That pass the harbor mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.

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'. . . All at once he felt that he was afraid, terribly, desperately afraid.'

Mr. Szabo

By Zsuzsa T. Thury

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

Franz Szabo, a superior clerk in a large business office, pulled his napkin through the bone napkin ring, gave his wife a kiss, and said, '*Mahlzeit!*'

Then he lay down on the couch, stretched out comfortably, and took up the newspaper. He read the editorial carefully, but merely glanced over the items about foreign and domestic politics, while the maid cleared the table and left the room. Mr. Szabo passed the paper to his wife:—

'Nothing good in it. The whole world is nothing but misery, nothing but misery.'

He turned toward the wall and closed his eyes.

The paper rustled in the woman's hands, but otherwise the little room was quiet, filled with the sleepy mood of afternoon. Not without anger, Szabo realized that he was not sleepy. He thought of two of the fellows in his office, both of whom had received letters that morning. The one had turned pale and had torn the envelope open nervously, staring for a long time, distracted and silent, at the few lines on the sheet. The other man had not even opened the letter, but had thrown it on the desk. 'God damn the whole lot of them,' he had cursed. 'Are we to die of starvation like dogs? I hope the whole world is stood on its head . . !'

'Two more fellows were given notice today,' Szabo said aloud, turning to his wife, 'Simonffy and Gerö.'

Mrs. Szabo looked expectantly at her husband. He said importantly:—

'That's the way it is everywhere today. Incidentally, Simonffy and Gerö have only been with the company for a relatively short time. Neither of them has served more than twenty years . . . Naturally such a surprise can't hit the old officials.'

Reassured, Mrs. Szabo became absorbed in her newspaper again. Her husband looked at his watch: half past three. He still had a little less than an hour left. He determined to fill it out with sleep, and closed his eyes; but his inner thoughts continued.

'To tell the truth, I too have

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changed somewhat. For thirty years I have slept well, now I can't . . . It began on that first of the month, when fifteen employees were given notice. None was prepared for it. Of course you feel sorry for the men you have worked with for decades . . . Incidentally it's really all the same, this business of sleeping. The only difference is that up to now I have always slept systematically, while now systematically I don't sleep . . .'

He smiled to himself, and the corners of his mouth twitched. He tried to control this twitching, which seemed suspiciously like trembling.

'It really wouldn't be surprising if I got nervous,' he thought. 'What will those two poor devils do now, Simonffy and Gerö?'

He felt a strange unrest; his heart beat under his open waistcoat, and he could not go on lying down. He rose and stared around in perplexity. Where should he go now; what should he do? For thirty years his wife had been in the habit of waking him every day at five o'clock. Mr. Szabo strode to the door.

'I'll go down and have a little walk,' he called back from the door. 'I think I have eaten a little too much.'

The following morning, when, promptly at eight o'clock, Szabo entered his office, he was beset from all sides with questions:—

'What do you say? Do you know already? Poor Simonffy!'

From the confused hubbub of interjections he gradually grasped the fact that Simonffy, the always quarrelsome Simonffy, had fired a bullet into his chest. Now he lay delirious in the hospital; but the doctors said his life was not in danger: he would survive.

Szabo turned to his work and thought of Simonffy, but only mechanically, with no real feeling of pity. Well, it was an infamous world these days, real warfare. One man falls, another survives unscathed. Those under safe cover or behind the front cannot bother about the whistling of the bullets, the thunder of the cannon, the moans of the dying. The best thing is to plug up one's ears so as not to hear anything. That's the way the world is today, and there's no help for it . . .

'Mr. Szabo, will you come in my office a minute?' the voice of the boss was suddenly heard. Szabo winced. Something gripped his heart, and he was hardly able to rise.

'Please answer these letters, Mr. Szabo, and then send the mail in to me.'

'Yes, sir, certainly.'

Gradually he quieted down and began to read the letters. But unrest had already gained a hold in his breast and gave him small, cruel pangs.

'Nonsense. I'm seeing ghosts . . . Dependable old employees aren't dismissed like that, without any warning: "Mr. Szabo, kindly pack up your things; you may leave now!" . . .'

II

At quarter past two on the dot he entered his apartment. In the hall he changed his street coat for a house jacket, and washed his hands in the bathroom. During dinner he reported the day's news, including Simonffy's attempt at suicide, to his wife. She listened to him in silence. Questions burned in her eyes.

'The boss called me,' Szabo continued. 'He entrusted me with the handling of some very important letters; it takes an expert to do that, you

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know.' And he added, 'In such cases he always calls on me.'

Why had he said that? There had only been a few unimportant letters. He had wanted to calm his wife, for horror was in her eyes. As he lay on the divan, sleepless again today, he thought about the reason why his wife had looked so horrified. Did she really believe that he, too, might be given notice? Nonsense . . . He turned around and said:

'Why do you look so horrified, my dear, as though starvation were staring us in the face? I can tell you once and for all, they will not dismiss me.'

He said it almost at the top of his voice. His wife looked at him, scared to death, and gave no answer. Szabo closed his eyes. He no longer thought of his wife. His thoughts went their own way, without any discipline. How would it be if someone should suddenly ring the apartment bell . . . ? A messenger from the office is looking for you, Mr. Szabo; he has a letter for you . . . Beginning with the first of next month we must regretfully dispense with your further services . . . the necessity of the difficult situation. . . . Yes, thank you. How do you do, good-bye . . . Am I to acknowledge receipt. . . ? What was he to do then? Curse? scream? or not say a word, only his hand trembling?

All at once he definitely felt that he was afraid, terribly, desperately afraid. What would tomorrow bring, what the day after? What would happen if he lost his position? The pension was ridiculously small. The comfortable, happy, petty bourgeois life would collapse . . . But it was altogether out of the question. He had always been a capable and conscientious employee, honest and dependable. Still . . . Simonffy and Gerö had been that too, as had been the others who had been dismissed. Well, they would know how to help themselves; none of them was important to him. But this terrible fear that held him in its power, gripping his heart in its iron fist and deadening his nerves!

III

From now on Franz Szabo awoke every morning with this pressing feeling of fear. His anxiety rose as he neared his office, and was allayed only slightly when he sat at his customary old desk and bent over his work. This feeling grew into definite and unmistakable horror when the boss entered and called his name. The quiet, sleepy afternoon came alive with spooks and ghosts, nor did the nightmare leave him when he went to bed at night, physically and mentally exhausted. His nights were sleepless; the darkness widened his imagination.

'It is inexorable,' he thought then, 'perhaps only a matter of days. I have been working in that office for thirty years . . . and now such an end! They will throw me out.'

One morning he got up, put on his slippers, and went into the bathroom, where he washed and brushed his teeth. As he bent his head back, and the water in his throat made strange gargling noises, he remembered how, when he and his wife were newlyweds, they had laughed about those sounds.

'What opera do you care to hear?' he had been in the habit of asking. And his wife had always replied: 'Tosca!'

They were the same gargling sounds now. And the maid was serving breakfast in the dining-room—coffee and sandwiches, for thirty years the same

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morning meal. The room, too, was the same—the pictures on the wall, the broken cane bottoms of the chairs. Nothing seemed to have changed. Only the invisible was new in the apartment, that latent, slowly gnawing unrest of which no one knew.

Szabo returned to the bedroom.

'I am ill,' he said, and sat down. 'I can't bear it any longer. I can't bear it . . .' His wife put him to bed. She wanted to get a doctor, but he would not allow it. The whole thing was trifling, would soon be over. He had slept badly, that was all.

Mrs. Szabo went to the market with the maid to buy fruit for preserving, and Szabo remained alone.

'They must all be at the office by now,' it passed through his mind. 'Even the boss. Where is Szabo? Ill? The boss would certainly reflect that he could not use old and ill employees. We need young men . . !' It was enough to drive you mad. He buried his head in the pillows and knew that he would never have any other thoughts but these now, never live in peace and quiet again . . .

Feverishly he slipped on his house jacket and stumbled into the kitchen, locking the door behind him. He opened the gas jet on the wall and drew a halting breath. He slipped the rubber hose over the jet and put it in his mouth. Greedily he drew in the poison; then he began to cough, and sat down on the chair before the stove. Gradually the smell of gas spread in the kitchen, and Szabo sat there, his limbs dropping, his body occasionally swaying to the right or left.

'It would be a good thing to lie down,' he thought, pushing the chair away and lying down on the tiles. A strange feeling of drunkenness overcame him; he tried to open his eyes, but could not.

'If I wanted to very much, I could succeed,' he thought. 'But it is better like this.'

He thought that it would have been good to go on living. In another way, to be sure, without fear or anxiety.

The gas poured through the rubber hose in dense, heavy quantities. It lay on his chest and strangled him. Szabo no longer felt the tiles beneath him.

'It should have been possible to live well and beautifully,' distant thoughts passed through his mind. 'It would have been fine not to have had to fear anything. My pension does not mean the future, and of what little importance is my future . . . I have none at all . . . I am not there at all. Some unknown force has sent me down to earth for some reason. Me, everyone, to work together. . . . For the sake of a common retirement salary to come . . . I was unfit for this work; they gave me notice . . . I was thrown out.'

Under his closed eyelids he had the feeling that the gas was growing denser and denser around him. It no longer seemed like an invisible stream of vapor but a black fog through which one could not penetrate. One ought to try . . . One ought to try to move . . . But then he failed to move, and, dying, smiled:—

'If I wanted to very much. . . . But it is better so.'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Nazi Kultur

THOSE who follow the fate of art in all its forms throughout the world have long been aware that it does not flourish under Fascist dictatorships. This is especially true of Germany, which was once in the forefront of modern art, but is now paralyzed by a stagnation that has almost entirely extinguished creative activities. In the field of architecture, for instance, the 'International Style,' with its severely 'functional' forms, its emphasis on spatial relationships and its renunciation of decorative elements, has been banished. In its place the Government favors uninspired imitations of classical models—buildings somewhat like many in the Federal Capital, but even less vigorous and free. Here is how Paul Westheim, the exiled editor of the *Kunstblatt*, feels about the contemporary architecture of his native land (from the *Neues Tage-Buch*):—

'A VISITOR from Germany tells of a painting he saw in a Berlin exhibition: "A fair woman—Mother Germania. In one hand she holds the model of a village, in the other a bottle containing some fluid. The village is the Soil; the fluid in the bottle is the Blood."

'"And who buys such stuff?"

'"Nobody. The painters produce it in the hope that it will be regarded as the mythology of the twentieth century, bringing them at least a mention in the papers. The better artists, the luminaries of the Republic, no longer exhibit at all if they can help it."

'"Why? It is their right!"

'"It is. But to exercise it is a different matter. Why expose oneself to annoyance? The present way seems to serve both sides best: the better painters do not attract unnecessary attention, are not attacked, and do not run the danger of having their pictures seized. And the new Nazi luminaries have in this way conquered the gallery walls. Only no one goes to see the conquered walls any longer; or rather only those go who are ordered to: Nazi cultural groups or the 'Strength through Joy' organization."

'"How about commissions? If I recall, there was talk in Nuremberg of undertaking the biggest program in centuries?"

'"Commissions? Yes, indeed—decorating armories. One could almost say that the Reichswehr is the painters' employment agency. Whoever has the proper connections with the Reichswehr is well off—Wolf Röhricht, for example. He used to exhibit still-lives of calla lilies in pre-Hitler times. Now he is doing splendidly. He has actually specialized as a barracks painter."

'It is significant that when an enumeration of the various "Great Deeds" was made last January painting was not even mentioned. "The New Architecture since the Resurgence" was played up all the more—with the appropriate illustrations.

'The building activities are enormous. Adolf Hitler believes that he owes this much to his "legend." Last fall, at Nuremberg, he explained that a people is remembered by the visible monuments it leaves. Hence the mania for building: in Munich the Party Buildings, the Temple of Honor on the Königsplatz, the House of German Art; in Nuremberg the Congress Building; in Berlin the Olympia Forum, the Reich Air Ministry, the New Reichsbank, to say nothing of the smaller German Halls, Thing Forums, etc.

'As early as August 4, 1935, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* called this a "Periclean Age," or, to be exact, an "almost Periclean Age." This term seems to have become the official Party designation. In addition, the *Völkischer Beobachter* constantly calls the

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Königsplatz in Munich "the Acropolis of the Movement." A correspondent for the Basel *National-Zeitung*, evidently an expert, offers a different judgment of this Age of Pericles:—

'"The Königsplatz, praised by Wölfflin as the most beautiful of its kind produced by the classic period, has been completely robbed of its enchantment. The changes made by the building of the Party structures have completely destroyed the romantic character of the Square. Countless German architects are disturbed as ancient beauty is here destroyed by dilettantes. This classic Troost-Hitler style shows no trace of the 'self-willed, self-confident features of a new style.' Or even of 'autochthonous architecture.' Any self-confidence it may possess is shown merely in the manner in which the new German style is dictated; and the manner in which the classic creations in city building are completed—or, more correctly, destroyed—is indeed self-willed, if not arbitrary. For the rest we have a dry and unimaginative uniform paste-board architecture, anxiously and slavishly following its models."

'A closer examination of the multitude of photographs published recently shows the same barren pattern everywhere—in Nuremberg, Munich or Berlin. Formerly the various German regions took great pride in the native peculiarities of their architecture. Munich, with its comfortable *Gemütlichkeit*, rejected the rationalism of the North. Hamburg wished to have nothing in common with the curlicue sausage ornamentation of the so-called New Dresden Baroque. This regionalism is at a complete end under Hitler. In North and South there is the same uniform paste-board architecture. This is the authoritarian Führer principle in architecture: a "Court of Honor" with wings to the right and left, the main feature being a surrounding colonnade up to 300 feet in length. Always the same court with the same square pillars, as though turned out on the assembly line. What happens behind these pillars, which preferably reach straight up to the roof, is, as the Basel *National-Zeitung* says, "unimaginably insipid."

'It is characteristic that this alleged "New Architecture since the Resurgence" is not represented by a single new architect of any importance. Old Troost of Munich, a craftsman who served the rich to their taste for decades, has been dug out from beneath the moth balls and appointed the "greatest German architect since Schinkel." The remainder—Ruff of Nuremberg (who has recently died), and Sagebiel, who produced the Reich Air Ministry—are, to put it in the politest way, architectural hacks. Before 1933 Germany was rich in significant architectural personalities, and was one of the leading countries in architecture. Beside Wright in America, Oud in Holland, Loos in Vienna, Perret, Corbusier and Garnier in France, Germany could place dozens who were creating a new architecture out of the space experience of our time: Poelzig, Behrens, Gropius, Taut, Mies van der Rohe, Mendelsohn, Charoun, Döcker—one could go on enumerating them for hours. In the entire world there never has been an architectural style that did not produce a characteristic and well-defined architectural personality—unless it be the kind of style subsequently called "decadent" by history. The new paste-board architecture has been unable to bring to the fore even a single half-way representative architect. All the same it is "autochthonous" and "Periclean."'

WORDINESS and grandiloquence—these additional symptoms of countries where freedom of thought and expression no longer exist! Grandiose phrases invariably hide the fact that there is nothing to say. *L'État—c'est moi*, whether it be Stalin, Mussolini or Hitler. Whatever a dictatorial government does, however pernicious and erroneous its acts may be, they must be spoken of in terms of praise—supplied by headquarters, mind you. The

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press in Russia is for the most part controlled, that of Italy and Germany strictly so. Only the German *Frankfurter Zeitung* occupies a peculiar position. This newspaper belongs to the great German Dye Trust, the I. G. Farbenindustrie, and it remains today the only organ which retains the privilege of dropping a word of criticism about the Führer now and then. Usually such criticism is disguised, or buried on an inside page. But it is evident to the acute observer all the same.

In general the method is to open an article with a deep obeisance to the new doctrine of salvation: Allah is Allah and Hitler is his prophet. There follows a complaint about the viciousness of the western Powers and their distrust of the peaceful intentions of the Führer, whose 'immoderate rearmament policy'. (a mere boyish prank, of course) has 'brought Germany to the brink of bankruptcy' and who (still carrying on the fun) keeps prisoner the 'bravest of all German apostles of peace'—Carl von Ossietzky!

But when this lip service to the Führer has been rendered, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, drawing on its intimate acquaintance with German economy, generally expresses a few apprehensions which indicate that the actual state of affairs is somewhat different from what it is usually represented to be.

To give a few examples: when recently there was a hint that sanctions might be applied to Germany, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* made a remarkably frank admission. It said that the response to sanctions differed among the various countries. 'While sanctions against Italy have resulted in a disturbance of Italy's economic relations with the rest of the world, they could only result in utter *ruin* for Germany.' (The italics are in the original.)

In addition to serious criticism, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* occasionally pokes sly fun at the Government. The following dispatch was published without comment, but it is hard to believe that the editor who passed it on to the composing room was not laughing up his sleeve as he did so:—

'Next Sunday the people of the city of Brunswick will eat their One-Dish-Meal in common. The local Party groups will assemble at specific points and march to the city's armories, led by bands. There soldiers will serve the meal in canteens. Every participant must bring plate and spoon. It is requested that during the march the spoon be worn in the buttonhole.'

If the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is permitted a measure of free expression, this is not the case with the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Though not a Party publication, this old Berlin newspaper, with a long tradition of independent journalism behind it, is under effective Government control. Yet here, too, a note of frivolity—to say the least—recently appeared. The well-known dramatic critic Herbert Jhering—once the champion of the Left-wing theatre, but more recently a convert to Mr. Goebbels' ideas of culture—broke out in a sarcastic *Monologue of an Awakened Sleeper*. Commenting upon the theatrical offerings in Berlin, Jhering wrote:—

'If a man were to awake from a long and deep slumber, and view the Berlin stage, what year would he think it was? The answer is 1900. "Ah," he would say, "it seems that Sudermann has written a new play, *Die Schmetterlingsschlacht*, when everybody thought he would stop with *Die Ehre*. And Gerhart Hauptmann, too, has done something new, *Michael Kramer!* And here is Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. A man by the name of Shaw has written a *Candida!* Think of it, nothing but new authors! Nothing but new plays!"

'Thus would a man awakening from his slumber speak; and he would go his way in joyous excitement, fully convinced that Berlin is still the city of *premières*, first nights and the most modern plays. Having been asleep for thirty-six years, he would believe that only one night had passed. He would, however, not be a producer.'

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Jhering seems to be on good terms with the Propaganda Ministry, but even so one wonders if he will get away with this.

AS IS fairly well known, the German book stores, publishing houses and libraries have been constantly raided ever since Hitler's advent to power. Since the burning of the books a 'cold boycott' has been exercised, consisting of issuing more or less official black lists, labeled 'strictly confidential.' Achim Altz, in Otto Strasser's Prague publication, *Die Deutsche Revolution*, gives some information about the latest developments in the field.

These lists, of course, barred the works of 'Marxists, Jews, and traitors' from the very beginning. Lately, however, innumerable authors of world fame have begun to be included, authors to whom the aforementioned epithets cannot possibly be applied. Nevertheless these, too, are to be denied to the German readers. It appears that many librarians are ignoring these lists all the same, and are continuing to circulate books which, though frowned upon, are still being demanded by their dissatisfied and insistent readers.

Frank Wedekind, Guy de Maupassant, Balzac and Zola are on this index. The case of Zola is of considerable interest. The Nazis at one time actually enlisted him as one of their own and hooted at overzealous librarians who had consigned the great Frenchman to the locked bookcase. But today Zola is once more anathema.

When Goebbels started his 'anti-hypocrite' campaign, there were stirrings among librarians, who resented being called hypocrites and who remembered their great old tradition of freedom of thought. But all that is long since forgotten. Libraries in Germany have sunk to the lowest possible standard. They carry chiefly Party literature and fare suitable for morons and adolescents.

Hermann Hesse, one of Germany's finest and most cultivated writers, has been banned, as have been Romain Rolland, André Gide, Jean Giono, James Joyce, Theodore Dreiser, and Richard Hughes. Others included are D.H. Lawrence, H. D. Wells, J. B. Priestley, Alfred Neumann, Leonhard Frank, Thomas Mann, and Franz Werfel. Foreign names are conspicuous on the lists, confirming the impression that the Nazis are deliberately isolating Germany from the main streams of European culture. No sense or system is evident in the selection of names, and even the flimsiest pretexts are dispensed with.

Until 1935 a number of books of pronounced Socialist tinge were tolerated. There was, for example, the *Memoirs of a Socialist*, by Lily Braun, a book that had been widely read. As late as 1934 the Nazis denied the Socialistic character of this book and maintained that, on the contrary, it was a forerunner of Nazi ideas. In addition they attacked, in a moment of expansiveness, the theory that every book smacking of Socialism must be rooted out, pointing to the revolutionary and Socialistic character of Nazi ideology. Now that book has been banned, too, as have those of Moeller van den Bruck and Ernst Jünger, from which the Nazis have taken more than one idea. Today, with a new and strongly bourgeois trend evident in the Nazi Movement, these older and more intelligent Nazi writers are too dangerous to be tolerated.

In the case of a considerable number of authors the critic is entirely at a loss to explain their exclusion. These include: Rabindranath Tagore, Jules Romains, Baudelaire, Anatole France, Marcel Proust, Pirandello, Hemingway, Huxley, Claude Anet, Colette, and such harmless native writers as Bonsels and Rosegger.

The facts speak for themselves, and any further comment would be supererogatory. What will become of a generation brought up solely on the tirades of Rosenberg and Goebbels? And what will a country look like in the future that is denied so many of the things that make life beautiful and worth living?

—Ruth Norden

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Inhuman America

THROUGHOUT Europe the events of the last days of Bruno Richard Hauptmann's life aroused the bitterest criticism of American methods and customs. Here, for instance, is the outcry of Louis Martin-Chauffier, published in the Paris topical weekly *Vu* a day or so after the execution:—

Whether Hauptmann was innocent or guilty of the murder of the Lindbergh child is another case—one which now seems as far from being ended as it is from being explained. Meanwhile it threatens to divide the United States into two camps, with much use of printing presses, loud-speakers and microphones on both sides. America loves these doubtful cases, these flagrant injustices which make such good subjects for discussions and bets, which provide such good copy for extras, enrich the Hearsts, put money into circulation, fill body and spirit with a fine intoxication, and even eclipse for a time the glory of Joe Louis, Father Coughlin and the Black Prophet, Father Divine.

This wave of publicity, stimulated by all these exploiters of an infantile public, does not deceive us in the least. It is not merely an exploitation to the full of a scandal in American taste, indulged in on the margin of more serious questions; it is actually their way of dealing with serious questions. This steeplechase race between Governor Hoffmann, who doubts, and Attorney General Willentz, who is sure of Hauptmann's guilt, is carried on with nothing less in view than the Presidency of the Republic. The policy of the United States for four years will be determined not by the triumph of justice or injustice but rather by the respective skill of Republicans and Democrats in exciting the passions of the mob, in multiplying the scandals and in sustaining the general nervous tension. Babbitt is nothing much, even in his right mind, but that is not enough for his masters: he is of no use to them except when he is beside himself, half-mad, half-brutalized.

Here we arrive at the true trial, in which Hauptmann is no longer the defendant but the victim, where the defendant, or the guilty one, is American justice, American politics, American public opinion, American mentality.

This is the third time in ten years that the whole world has been horrified by the savagery of America. First, Sacco and Vanzetti, the innocent anarchists, guilty only of having Communist support; then the Scottsboro Negroes, also innocent, guilty only of being black; and lastly Hauptmann, who might have been either innocent or guilty, but whose punishment was more atrocious than his crime.

All three cases have one common element which may well fill the world with horror: the meting out of justice with inherent bad faith, the blind routine of the law—these felon-magistrates take care to pay due respect to the letter of the law while they deliberately violate its spirit—is followed by failure to carry out promptly the trumped-up verdict. And the victim's punishment is made even harder by many futile reprieves—the last gasps of an almost defunct conscience.

The condemned man sees death approaching and withdrawing again; his tormentors let him hope, then they condemn him again, only to give him another reprieve. When the law has condemned a man to death, if he is led to his punishment three times, if he is made to live his last moments three times over, it is clear that he has been murdered on two of the three occasions.

It seems that with time the game is being perfected. In the beginning its interest

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lay chiefly in its duration: Sacco and Vanzetti remained in prison six years before the executioner pressed the button. Hauptmann stayed in his prison less than two years; but in his case refinement of torture was added to intensity; the reprieve would arrive at the very last moment, when the victim was already dressed for execution, after he had already bade farewell to life. The reprieve is not given in anticipation of a pardon, but merely in order to prolong the game. Three days later this living dead man dies for good, just when his guilt has become more doubtful than ever.

All this gives the papers a magnificent opportunity to sell their extras by the million. As for the people, impassioned by the game, maddened by the sight of suffering, ravished by this escape from their own worries and misery, these people who toss up a coin to decide Hauptmann's life or death—they have been given two delirious days, which each one of them will remember to his last hour. Americans are a spoiled people.

INHUMAN. That is just the word with which to brand this society, which one would not venture to call civilized. Too rapid a material progress, a madness of overproduction, speculation, profits and the comforts of life. A fool's prosperity, founded on faith and not on fact. In the midst of this abundance, this illusion of false youth and false wealth, the American, mechanized, forced into an ever quickening tempo, confused by it all, but never stopping his mad activity as businessman, journalist, sweatshop worker except to plunge into noisy pleasures, has been avoiding all spiritual life. His very soul had been given over to the wildest prophets, to fanaticism of the most grossly illiterate sort. And yet America has been showing the world the most insolent and beatific pride possible—pride in having the highest skyscrapers, the greatest factories, the most millionaires, more automobiles than drivers, more accidents on the roads, more three-headed calves, more laws, more bandits, more sects, more champions and more nudists than anybody else. For the American, patriotism was not emotion but statistics, religion not an exhaltation but a frenzy, justice not an application of the laws but a giving away of offices, politics an appendage to business, and virtue an advertisement for trumped-up products.

Now that their machine has gone mad, and has taken to running free or in reverse, to swallowing sausages so that a pig may come out of the other end, how will these poor marionettes, whose threads have been all mixed up, ever be able to stop being marionettes and become humans? How will they ever be able to see a matter of life and death as anything but an exciting, mechanical game? If the Hauptmann affair has any reverberations, it will not be because it awakes in their souls any desire for justice, or even for certainty; it will only be because this affair has become a match between two parties which have risked their fortune and their power in it.

Such is the sad spectacle that America offers the world. This is what she has to show; what she exports as her national product. Of course, there are better things in America: men who are able to think, who are wise and just, universities in full spiritual and cultural flower, simple, men with plenty of commonsense, who are more than just Babbitts in their right minds. Why do we never hear anything of them? Because how could they ever show themselves, all alone, at this gigantic free-for-all, at which they can only tremble?

These wiser ones know that they are as yet merely children. The others, whose howling can be heard across the ocean, believe it too, and flaunt their youth abroad. But youth is exactly what they lack. Once, indeed, they were young; but now they are dead. The empty noise which they go on making should make good sound effects for the Chaplin film.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Great Failure

A History of the German Republic. *By Arthur Rosenberg. London: Methuen. 1936.*

(John Hallett in the *Sunday Times*, London)

THE Weimar Republic must on any showing be written down as one of the great failures of history. Nobody standing so near to it in time, and above all nobody who himself participated in its affairs, can be expected to write of it, from whatever standpoint, without bitterness. Dr. Rosenberg, now an exile in this country, was once a member of the Reichstag, and writes as a Left-wing Social Democrat. His prejudices are undisguised but not excessive. This is a balanced, though admittedly not impartial, history of the German Republic.

There is always a certain ghoulish excitement about a post-mortem, particularly when accusations of murder have been freely bandied about; and for Germany's former enemies this particular inquiry involves the question of their own responsibilities. Did the Weimar Republic succumb to natural causes? Or was it foully murdered by traitors within? Or did it die of the Treaty of Versailles?

As a good party man, Dr. Rosenberg leans to the hypothesis of murder. Although he has many bitter words for the Social Democrats, he regards their policy on all essential points as mistaken but honest; and it is of course true that after the death of Stresemann they were the only sincere defenders (poor defenders at that!) of the Weimar Constitution.

The Reichswehr, on the other hand, were outwardly loyal to the Republic only so long as it suited their purpose. Every Government was, in the last resort, subject to the veto of a military clique, though that veto was seldom exercised except in directly military matters; and the Reichswehr, for reasons of their own, countenanced and encouraged the private armies which were more or less openly hostile to the Republic. When the Ebert Government of 1919 permitted the reconstruction of the Reichswehr for the purpose of maintaining public order, the Republic obtained not a servant but a master.

But the rôle of chief murderer is assigned by Dr. Rosenberg not to the Reichswehr, but to the capitalists. He has a high regard for Stresemann, of whose skill and courage he speaks in almost glowing terms. But Stresemann, in his view, occupied a fundamentally false position. He attempted to reconcile loyalty to the capitalists with loyalty to the Weimar Republic. The capitalists tolerated the Republic so long as they could enjoy the sweets first of inflation and then of the Dawes period, when American loans poured almost unasked into their pockets. When these halcyon days were over, they had no hesitation in stabbing the régime in the back, using first Dr. Brüning and later Herr Hitler as their instrument.

Dr. Rosenberg is presumably a Marxist (though it is strange to find a Marxist bracketing Lassalle, as he does in two places, with Marx and Engels), and therefore bound by his creed to adopt the slogan '*Le capitalisme, voilà l'enemi.*' But in point of fact his denunciation of the capitalists is the most superficial part of the book. When he writes of 'war guilt,' he sees readily enough that something more fundamental is at stake than the ambition or the perversity of a few individuals. But when he comes to deal with the inflation, he is content to attribute everything to the machinations of the wicked capitalists.

He shows, moreover, something less than his usual fairness when he describes 'the German wage and salary earners' as the 'chief sufferers from the inflation.'

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The most disastrous social consequence of the inflation was surely what Stresemann once called the 'proletarianization of the middle class.' It was from this unclassed bourgeoisie, this new proletariat, which hated Marxism, which hated the Jews (as the real proletariat never did), and which shared the fate without sharing the outlook of the working class that National Socialism eventually drew the great majority of its recruits.

In his treatment of domestic affairs, Dr. Rosenberg's point of view, whether accepted or not, is always clear and incisively put. On the question of the part played by the Versailles treaty in the downfall of the Weimar Republic, he is more inclined to waver. He does not sum up, and the reader must form his own conclusions.

On the one hand he points out rightly enough that whereas in 1815 the statesmen of Vienna showed every possible tenderness for the restored French monarchy, the victors of 1918 did not display the same farseeing prudence. 'The policy of the French, especially, made life impossible for every single republican or democratic Government in Germany.' He shrewdly remarks that the prohibition on conscription and the rigorous limitation of the size of the Reichswehr were the direct cause of the growth of those private armies which proved fatal to the development of an orderly political life in Germany.

On the other hand, he rather surprisingly rejects the theory that 'the nation, and especially the younger generations, were oppressed by a feeling of national inferiority, and that the political changes that have taken place since 1930 are traceable in their ultimate origins to this inferiority complex.'

Here Dr. Rosenberg has, we think, definitely been led astray by his desire to deprive the Hitler régime of its basis in a genuine and deeply felt national grievance. During the years from Locarno to the death of Stresemann this complex was successfully exorcised, because Germany seemed, during this heyday of international coöperation, well on the way to regain her equality. But with the collapse of this policy in 1930, the demand for 'equality of rights' became once more passionate and insistent.

That the 'ultimate origins' of the present régime in Germany included other factors nobody will, of course, deny. The reading of Dr. Rosenberg's history with its terrible record of internal discords and divisions tempts one to suspect that the greatest of them all was the desire for national unity. Throughout the nineteenth century, until the days of Bismarck, democracy and national unity were the two inseparable slogans of the German progressive movement. Bismarck sacrificed democracy to unity. The Weimar Republic made a fetish of democracy, and cared little for unity. Above and beyond the interminable party divisions, successive republican governments found themselves paralyzed by the inveterate separatism of the larger States. Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony all clung jealously to their prerogatives while facing the Reich with exorbitant financial demands for their upkeep.

The realization of unity, though once more at the expense of democracy, is perhaps the most solid achievement of the Nazi régime. The States have disappeared, and all divergences have been obliterated beneath a good thick coating of brown paint. Will this uniformity be permanent? Or will the ominous fissures reappear when the paint begins to lose its freshness? That is a question which only history can answer.

Science in the U. S. S. R.

Soviet Science. *By J. G. Crowther. London: Kegan Paul. 1936.*

(C. P. Snow in the *Spectator*, London)

BY AN odd chance, the most famous scientist both in Germany and Russia found himself in bitter opposition to his

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country's revolution. Einstein escaped at the beginning of the Nazi régime, accepted with a pleasing but bewildering impartiality a Studentship at Christ Church as well as chairs at Madrid and Constantinople, and finally arrived at the Mathematical Institute at Princeton. Meanwhile his countrymen dedicated the new department at Heidelberg to the disproving of his discoveries. Pavlov stayed in Russia; he behaved not so much with dignity as with the Slavonic buffoonery that comes from the same emotional source and produces almost the same effect; he crossed himself in front of churches, or the sites of churches now transformed, and sometimes invented the sites in order to perform the gesture; he made a point of saying on Soviet festivals that the Russian Revolution was the greatest disaster that had happened to mankind. The Soviet Government named laboratories after him, gave him houses, a large salary, motor-cars and assistants; his death was mourned as no scientist's in England or France has ever been.

It is possible to argue, of course, that if Einstein had stayed in Germany to see the revolution through, the Nazis would have done as much for him; but to do so shows a lack of realization of an essential difference between the two sorts of dictatorship. Fascism, particularly in Germany, is forced by its own nature to relegate any kind of intellectual activity to the background; intellectual work may be permitted so long as it does not intrude; but ultimately the values of Fascism must be judged not by the intellect, but by the 'blood'—that is, by the fears and rages and jealousies that move us all, though we have not been taught to give them such a transcendental significance. The 'blood,' as it happens, can tell us a number of things which the intellect will not allow, such as the homogeneity of the German race, and the Nordic blood of Jesus; so much the worse for the intellect. And so much the worse for the intellect's most triumphant organization, science; at the best it can be tolerated in those departments where it does not interfere with the authority of the 'blood,' just as in the Middle Ages it could work in obscurity under the authority of the Church.

The Communist dictatorship has to take a very different attitude. For the Soviet Government, by its official philosophy, has an explicit aim the maximum development of the material resources in Russia; not only the material resources as they are now worked and understood, but as they could be with complete control over the natural world. The Soviets are committed, in fact, to an application of that material humanism which I tried to describe a little in a recent review in The *Spectator;* and since control of the natural world is simply another name for applied science, they are bound to regard the development of science as one of the first tasks of government. Material humanism —the desire for the material well-being of the race, increasing as science progresses— is meaningless without science; science is both its inspiration and its instrument; accordingly, science in Russia today is more closely interwoven with the Government than it has ever been elsewhere in the world.

The new conditions under which it is carried on give Russian science its peculiar interest. We are used to scientific research as an academic pursuit, admitted rather reluctantly into our universities, worked at more or less in private, with very little organization, occasionally applied to practical purposes by those scientists with an inventive turn of mind or by the ingenious employees of industrial firms: the whole structure as irrational as the M.C.C. or the Jockey Club, and grown up in somewhat the same fashion. The Soviets have changed all that. Applied science is to control industry and invent industries; so great scientific institutes are built in industrial centers, in order that, by contact with the working reality, scientists should perceive their problems and be at hand to apply their own solutions.

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This continual interplay of technical process and science follows from the materialist theory; according to the theory, it is the way science should be organized to be most effective, both in devising applications and in reaching fundamental laws. Thus the immense physical laboratories at Leningrad and Kharkov are Physico-Technical Institutes, divorced from any kind of university in our sense, in closer touch with engineering works than with the liberal studies; the internal organization is more democratic than ours, where a professor can be a fairly complete autocrat, and at the same time more rigid, each man's work discussed and mapped out by frequent meetings of the research staff; the external organization and general control of each institute's work is in the hands of the Commissariat of Heavy Industry. All this is described in Mr. Crowther's new book, which is, like everything he writes, informed, fresh and stimulating (and also slightly irritating, because one has to quarry for the information in a mass of short paragraphs arranged in a haphazard fashion rather like a scrapbook).

But any grumbles at Mr. Crowther can only be trivial. He does work that is genuinely important and that no one else shows any signs of doing; his journalism is scholarly and his reporting always fair. He has traveled over the Russian laboratories in his bright-eyed alert fashion, and here are his results; it is the best of tributes to him (no commentator could be less egotistic) to say one almost forgets the book in the excitement of the questions: how is it all coming out? What is the progress of science when it is organized as thoroughly as this? Is Russian science better than ours now? Is it going to be better?

IT IS difficult to reach any answers that are remotely satisfying. About the actual achievement of Russian science since the Revolution one can make a tentative judgment: it is not negligible, but rather disappointing. Just as in literature there has been no creative work of a high order, in the exact sciences there have been very few important discoveries; there has been a quantity of adequate research, much of it insufficiently worked out; the general state of physics and physical chemistry in Russia now would seem rather like that in America towards the end of the nineteenth century.

The triumphs of Russian science in recent years have been, not unnaturally, in fields where planning and large-scale organization are more important than detailed imaginative work: Vavilov's researches on plant genetics are on a scale unequaled in the rest of the world, and there is no doubt that in the scientific side of agriculture Russia is going to produce most of the important work of the next few years. But that will probably not be so in the exact sciences; there is still a great distance before Russian physics catches up to that of England, America, even Scandinavia or Holland.

The reasons are important for us as well as Russia; some may be connected with the new method, and some need only time before they disappear. The first is, it seems to me, that a good deal of the organization defeats itself; most successful research, like any detailed creative work, demands a continuous supply of minor ideas and devices which are independent of the main conception and which must, for the most part, be supplied by one man working alone. People vary much in their needs for help and solitude; some go into the wilderness and some solve their difficulties by thinking aloud in company and asking advice; but almost everyone has to be alone at times. And it is just that individual solitariness, in which ideas get worked out, that the Russian organization, or any organization for that matter, makes more difficult to obtain than does the freedom of academic tradition.

The Soviet planners make a genuine attempt to cope with the oddities of human temperament; but it is more diffi-

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cult to allow for individual temperament in an institution than to let it work its own way out, untrammeled by any institution at all. Libraries and apparatus and expert information at hand—organization must supply all these; but as soon as it goes farther and intrudes into a man's habit of thought, it is as likely to be a hindrance as a help.

If there is anything in this criticism, the defect is not one which time will remedy of its own accord; probably there will be a gradual lessening of the rigor of the plans, and an approach to something more like the tradition of academic research. Some of the other defects in Soviet science are, of course, simply due to lack of time: for instance, the supply of competent research workers is at present far too small. This must be caused mainly by deficiencies in secondary education, and should be rectified within the next decade or two. By then, there is no reasonable doubt, the Soviets will be producing, in all the fields of science, work that will bear comparison with any in the world.

Ali of Jannina

Ali the Lion. *By William Plomer. London: Cape. 1936.*

(Simon Harcourt-Smith in the *Observer*, London)

THE obscure, ill-populated rocks of Albania have in their time given to middle eastern history a formidable array of great men, great adventurers. Alexander of Macedon on his mother's side, the Macedonian Emperors of Byzantium, Skanderbeg, Mohamed Ali of Egypt, Enver Pasha, Mustapha Kemal (Ataturk)—all came out of that fierce mountain air, those steep, remote valleys. Among the number of those heroes, however, the sardonic ghost of Ali, Pasha of Jannina, the subject of Mr. Plomer's latest work, can hardly, despite all the author's art, be placed.

His achievement was certainly remarkable; for one moment it seemed as if he would contrive to build up a great Balkan state, and during the Napoleonic age he played a considerable part in the Levantine policies of England, France, and Russia. Nevertheless I cannot believe with his biographer that his bloody but simple life would in any way have interested Shakespeare; nor does even the elegant pen of Mr. Plomer persuade me that Ali of Jannina was other than a sadistic old rascal, with no virtue save bravery, and talent only for destruction.

Ali was born in 1741 near Tebeleni, a small town now unusually flea-ridden even for Albania. His genealogy is a matter for dispute. It is generally held that his grandfather was an Epirote Christian converted to Islam at the siege of Corfu in 1716; Mr. Plomer, however, believes that Ali was descended from a dervish who had settled near Tebeleni in the previous century. (This may account for the respect which Ali accorded to dervishes throughout his life.) Ali's father, Veli, a Pasha of Two Tails, died when Ali was but fourteen, and the family, like those of Genghiz and of Akbar, were harried from pillar to post by the dead man's enemies.

Khamco, Ali's mother, a voluptuous termagant, whose bodyguard, as Mr. Plomer puts it, 'shared not only her anxieties but her bed,' was finally caught by the treachery of two disgruntled towns, Khormovo and Gardiki; before being ransomed she was raped by the entire male population of the latter place. This mortal insult she never forgot, and on her death-bed she made Ali and his sister Shainitza swear to be revenged upon her ravishers.

Ali was a likely youth for this labor of filial love. At ten he was already unmanageable, at fourteen an accomplished sheep-stealer, by the age of twenty he was a gang-leader whose forays through Thessaly had become legendary. By a remarkable mixture of ferocity and fraud he gradually made himself master of several small places in Epirus and Thessaly; then, during the Russo-Turkish war

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of 1787–91 he became, by the simple expedient of forging an Imperial Edict, Pasha of the rich and beautiful town of Jannina. The supine Porte in due course confirmed him in his swindle. Ali was now a great man, with power to satisfy both revenge and his own unbounded ambition.

The times were peculiarly ripe for his designs. Ever since the Peace of Karlovitz (1699) the Porte had been losing authority, till now the Sultan was little better than the prisoner of his janissaries, defied by his outlying dominions. The great Pashas of Bagdad and Trebizond, the Druses of the Lebanon, in Egypt the Mamelukes, and later Mohamed Ali, in Arabia the Wahabis, while acknowledging the sovereignty of the Porte and flattering it with presents, were hardly less than independent Governments. It was in such circumstances as these that Ali's career was made.

In his advance to power he showed a savagery and falseness which surprised even the middle east. He betrayed his benefactors, poisoned his friends, violated his daughter-in-law, treacherously butchered the entire populations of brave towns which had honorably surrendered to him. In accordance with his vow he wreaked upon the unfortunate inhabitants of Khormovo and Gardiki a ferocious vengeance. One of the principal men of the former place was thrown to Ali's mulatto foster-brother, Yusuf Arab, the Blood-Drinker, and by him spitted and roasted alive. Urged on by his sister Shainitza, whose sadism amounted to mania, Ali dealt no more tenderly by the men of Gardiki, and stuffed her divans with the hair of Gardikiot women. At any moment, or for the most inane of reasons, the blood-lust would come upon him. In his heyday he boasted of being directly responsible for thirty thousand deaths, and once he said: 'I've shed so much blood in my time, it seems to follow me like a wave; I dare not look behind me.'

By an endless stream of presents Ali for many years purchased the acquiescence of the Sultan in his barbarities; but at last his menacing power became insufferable, and he was declared a rebel; deserted by his children (whose incompetence he always deplored), he nevertheless at the age of eighty defied the Turkish armies for two years. Then, finally, he was murdered by just such an act of treachery as he would himself have admired; his head was his last present to the Sultan.

Too much of the book is a chronicle of slaughter; here Mr. Plomer's style, usually so graceful, becomes as monotonous as the fall of the executioner's axe; yet in the main it is a masterly book, filled with the scent and sound of Ali's strange, bare hills. You see a Greek archbishop dancing the carmagnole, Byron riding down the orange groves past the dismembered body of a Greek patriot, Ali chuckling in the dark among his nightingales, real and mechanical. More curious still, there emerges from a welter of horror some faint echo of the charm that made Ali's victims trust him long after his baseness had become a legend.

A Stylist at War

FINE WRITING. *By Logan Pearsall Smith. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 1936.*

(Rose Macaulay in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

MR. PEARSALL SMITH, exasperated by the recent crying down of fine writing by certain modern critics and writers, has set himself, with his usual felicitous ease and grace, and more than his usual vigor, to cry it up. He tilts against Mr. Herbert Read, Mr. Middleton Murry, 'several members of the flourishing school of Cambridge criticism,' and all those who shudder at magniloquence, who cast cold, captious and contemptuous eyes at the grand manner, at the prose of Sir Thomas Browne, of Milton, of Jeremy Taylor, of the magnificent Elizabethans, at the delicate mimical archaisms of Lamb, the exquisite patterning of Pater,

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the intricate periods of Henry James, and all those other writers who have fonded on language for its own sake and have been curious to polish and fine a phrase.

It is an old battle. A century and more ago, Isaac d'Israeli, himself a charming, but an unmusical and stilted writer, rejoiced that 'the embarrassed periods of Hooker, Raleigh and Clarendon will no more languish on the ear.' And now certain critics, armed to the teeth with the mixed weapons dropped about by earnest continentals and trans-Atlanticists (such as Teutonic psychologists, French surrealists, Marxist ideologists, Italian æsthetic critics, and American toughs) are trying to shoot up the rich and lovely growth of English prose. I am so much with Mr. Pearsall Smith in this language feud, that I can scarcely bring myself to find flaws in his over-statement of the case; for I feel that such cases should be over-stated.

'You must beware of thinking too much about Style,' said a kindly adviser to Mr. Pearsall Smith long ago (see *Trivia*), 'or you will become like those fastidious people who polish and polish until there is nothing left.'

'Then there really are such people?' he asked eagerly . . .

He is now once again bidden to beware of them, to flee 'the terrible attraction of words.' The young writer is warned against rhythmical effects and the use of images, and told that 'any conscious care for such devices . . . must be carefully eschewed.' Such warnings, says Mr. Pearsall Smith, are, at the present time, little needed. Carrying the war into the enemy's camp, he joins battle with those who 'promulgate æsthetic dogmas in unwieldy sentences,' and imputes to them, 'not perhaps unspitefully,' 'a certain deficiency in æsthetic sensibility.' He quotes Lytton Strachey on the great gulf that yawns between those who like magnificence in prose and those who hate it, and adds that still more profound is the gulf between those who value the informational elements of literature, its truthfulness as a transcript of experience, its penetration into the secrets of life and feeling, and those who take more interest in the musical and creative potency of language.

He perhaps magnifies this gulf, which has been, after all, bridged by most great writers. On which side of it, for instance, would one place Shakespeare? Or Chaucer? Or Montaigne? Or the Elizabethan travel-writers? Or Henry James? Or Gibbon? It is true that there stand conspicuous figures definitely on each side, and probably most of us know to which side we personally incline. But should the gulf widen, it must eventually swallow literature up.

I think Mr. Pearsall Smith probably over-estimates the danger from the anti-stylist critics; it is far less than that from those who from incompetence or insensibility cannot achieve style. There have always been those who have no use for literary dandyism, and always those who have, to the best of their ability, practiced it. There may be more doing so now than Mr. Pearsall Smith in his anxiety thinks; more writers than swim into his ken may be even now polishing away at phrases, delving away for words, serenely undeterred by these literary warnings. And graceful, elegant and musical prose seems more palatable to the general than Mr. Pearsall Smith here admits. Does not *Religio Medici*, in soft suede binding with ribbon marker, sell in its thousands each year? Does not Elia? Does not 'that great, solemn, heraldic, hierarchic animal, the Authorized Translation of the Bible, whose pages of magnificent prose have never been surpassed?' Nor, I believe, are *Trivia* or *Eminent Victorians*, those masterpieces of delicate ironic style, suffered to go out of print, though Mr. Pearsall Smith holds that most readers do not care for irony or for style. It is true that, as he says, Henry James was not a popular writer; but then his needlework was too fine and small; it strains the eyes. For that matter, Hardy, 'that famous master of

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clumsy phrases and undistinguished diction,' is not popular either.

I think here Mr. Pearsall Smith does less than justice to that poor irritating butt, the general reader. And less than justice, too, to Cambridge, which, he declares with unashamed Oxford malice, has not, since Tennyson left it, sent into the world more than one or two conscious verbal artists. I can think of a dozen straight off. As to those maligned beings, women, when he agrees with Sainte-Beuve that they 'seldom or never exercise any conscious choice of words,' all he can really mean is that they don't do it so competently as men, which applies, surely, to nearly every activity of this somewhat inefficient sex. America, too, may have something to reply to its wholesale indictment. But, as I said, I am too much in agreement with most of this engaging, entertaining and timely plea for 'prose full of poetry and color' by one of our finest witty stylists to want to pick holes. It is stimulating and delightful to read, and deserves distribution about schools and colleges. For 'is there' (as the author has asked elsewhere) 'any solace like the solace and consolation of language?'

A Modern Quixote

Die Blendung. *By Elias Canetti. Vienna: Verlag Herbert Reichner. 1936.*

(Paul Frischauer in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna)

I REGARD the publication of Elias Canetti's novel as a rare event. The author relates the story of a scholar of very aristocratic bearing, somewhat eccentric, but an expert in his field, and a man of noble character. Canetti tells how a woman gets him into her clutches, makes him lose his mental balance, and finally forces him to marry her. It is the story of this marriage which occupies the first part of the novel. This story is just as extraordinary as the above summary of it sounds ordinary. No situation is borrowed; there is nothing in it to remind one of novels one knows. Canetti reveals with genuine originality the grotesque and tragic companionship of two people who have nothing in common but a surname. They speak entirely different languages, and one is frequently tempted to play the rôle of interpreter. It really is a parable of every marriage, full of wrath and Aristophanic humor.

But that is merely a secondary effect, and not the real aim of the book. The author is much more interested in the influence of this marriage on the sensitive mind of the scholar. It is obvious that a person who has been used to living alone undergoes decisive changes living with another person. Kien—the protagonist—is more and more hounded by a persecution mania. His conceptions of reality shift; he becomes entirely wrapped up in himself. The psychopathic state in which he finds himself makes him grow dumb. After a series of strange conflicts with his wife he becomes paralyzed. He would probably have ended his days in this state of paralysis if his wife had not thrown him out of the house as soon as she found she could get no more out of him.

In the second part of the book, the author grants both himself and the reader a respite. He leads Kien into the thick of full-blooded life. How does a mentally unbalanced person react to the world, and how does the world react to him? Into whose hands will he fall as he drifts along, released from all the bonds which have hitherto tied him down? Here it is a hunchbacked dwarf, a demoniac, who plays the rôle of Kien's Sancho Pansa. The characterization of this dwarf, incidentally, is one of the outstanding accomplishments of this comprehensive book. The colorful chapters in which the two, dwarf and scholar, meet with one adventure after the other remind one of the old rogue stories, although here everything develops from the conditions and relations of our modern times. A number of strange and not-to-be-forgotten characters enter the hero's life. Thus the second part of the book

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represents a lively and eventful description of our world of today.

In the third part, which I should characterize as one of 'concentration,' everything that has impressed Kien during his marriage and his worldly adventures is condensed. Nothing has failed to leave its mark on this brilliant mind. The slightest event has been preserved, to take its place in the structure of a growing delusion. It is impossible to sum up the substance of this third part in a few words. In contrast to the prolixity of the first part, here everything is terse and rapidly moving. The tension grows almost unbearable. Fear, horror, laughter, exuberant ferocity and tottering weakness mingle in grand simplicity.

A new field of literature has here been conquered. Nowhere, to the best of my knowledge, have mental diseases ever been described in such a way as to become understandable and clear. The sense of strangeness which we ordinarily feel in the presence of such diseases gradually disappears. The illusion is carried so far that one takes what is happening as a matter of course. Not until the book is laid aside, and the emotion into which one has been plunged recedes, does one realize that one has experienced something entirely new.

It would be worth the trouble of a more thoroughgoing study to find out by just what means Canetti achieves this effect. Here this can be done only briefly. Above all, there is an artistic discipline which has yet to find an equal. The author himself is eclipsed by his characters. He almost vanishes. The novel, so to speak, writes itself. Even more than in the structure of this novel, Canetti's discipline is manifested in his style. As long as he himself is speaking, his is a fascinating, supple, deliberately reserved style. Its inherent glamour appears but seldom, and then very unpretentiously. His diction, however, and his character's mind reveal him as a born dramatist. It is an astounding phenomenon how each character has a style which is entirely its own. And the effect which the author achieves with their technique of speech is one of the strongest in the whole book.

I have pondered over Canetti's spiritual forbears for a long time. It is always a great pleasure for an intellectual to puzzle his brains over the elements of a new and original synthesis. No writer is born a master. Therefore it seems to me that two gigantic streams, in modern transformation, flow together here: the greatest of Frenchmen, Stendhal, and the greatest of Russians, Gogol. Nobody could ask for better forbears. Here once more is a novelist of *European* stature.

Black Angels

Les Anges Noirs. *By François Mauriac. Paris: Grasset. 1936.*

(Marcel Arland in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

A FEW WEEKS ago Mr. François Mauriac spoke very pertinently about criticism. A critic, he said, is always struck first of all by the absence of something in a book. Thus he would reproach the author of *Black Angels* with not having Balzac's breadth or Colette's sensuousness. He would proceed as if there were one absolute standard of perfection in accordance with which all works should be judged; or as if the art of novel writing had its fixed laws by which one must abide if one wishes to produce an excellent piece of work.

Instead of crushing a book by invoking the name of some no doubt admirable masterpiece, Mr. Mauriac said further, it would be better to see what it has to offer that is new, that cannot be reduced to the terms of other books; whether it has something amazing, something that might at first shock, but would some day serve as a criterion by which other books will be (probably with equal injustice) judged. One reproaches Mauriac now with not being Balzac; later one will reproach some new novelist with being neither Balzac nor Mauriac. This reminds me of a saying of Cocteau's which, when every allowance

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has been made for the petulance that prompted it, still seems to me to be true: 'Be sure to cultivate whatever other people deprecate in you: for that is the real *you*.'

It goes without saying that some mental reservations must be made to this. Even though the novel is the freest of all literary forms, it, too, is subject to some laws common to all works of art. What are these laws? Well, for example, a book should be consistent: by this I mean that there should be perfect agreement between the work and its author (this is what makes a book seem an organic extension of a man rather than an artificial creation), between the method and the matter of expression.

On the other hand one might say—and here the contradiction is only an apparent one—that a writer, who can never know himself completely anyway, would do well to explore and reveal some unexpected element in himself by utilizing themes other than his favorite ones; that perhaps he actually needs an obstacle, a struggle in self-expression, in order ultimately to reach new heights in it; that, when all is said, it is a good thing to see him take a chance from time to time.

I do not believe that *Black Angels* is the best novel François Mauriac has ever written (and I am not taking Balzac as a model, either); but it certainly is one of the most curious, the most amazing books that has ever come from his pen. One likes him for having written it. It is a book that foreshadows others; it both shocks and pleases; and one is conscious of its faults perhaps only as indications of the great scale on which the book is written.

Thus we have another 'Mauriac,' with his shadows, his mystic odors, his disillusioned souls, and his bitterness; but a Mauriac more feverish and tortured than ever. It is not that in this book he returns to the same subject with a greater mastery or precision, but rather with more violence, breadth and sense of drama. The book is made up of three separate fragments that creak somewhat where they are joined together: there is an exposition, which is at once too long and too swift—too long drawn-out for the drama and too short in relation to the events it recounts; there is the central tragedy itself, one of the most sinister that Mauriac has penned; and lastly there is a third act, brief and pregnant with meaning, as spontaneous as the Divine Grace, and in which one perceives less the natural play of passions and events than the author's will, the task he set himself, and the structure he employs.

It is not the sort of book that wins an immediate following. One resists its attraction; one sometimes remains incredulous before the tragedy and its characters. This is not because they are painted too black; but the author seems to want them to be like that; he needs the blackness in order to make the light that he dispenses in the last pages more dazzling. One does not doubt that such characters can exist; but one is not at all sure that the author has known them: he is not as well acquainted with them as he was with the heroes of the *Baiser au Lepreux* or the *Preséances*. For although they do not differ essentially from the latter, it is as if the author thought they were sufficiently well known to his public, and for that reason did not take the trouble to depict them in detail in their everyday life. The sensual atmosphere, of odors, sounds, moments, in which he customarily wraps his characters, is more elusive here. In the same way, true to life as the angelic figure of his priest may be, somehow he does not succeed in making it convincing. He seems to be interested less in his characters than in their symbolic ramifications.

In this doubtless lies the novel's weakness; yet this is exactly what moved me most. There exists a Mauriacian drama of which the author is growing more and more conscious, and by which he is ever more tormented: the drama of salvation (or damnation), bound up with the indissoluble union of good and evil. Mauriac's profound consciousness of this

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drama makes his books something more than either psychological studies or descriptions of provincial life. It imparts to them their urgent tone, and their lyricism. One likes it in this writer that he, whose success is beyond dispute, remains unappeased; that he strives to tell the story of Man rather than stories about men; that he aspires to make all his books conform to the title he gave one of them—*Destinies*, and that in this way he unites in his works novelist, moralist and believer.

The Georgics of Georges Duhamel

Fables de mon Jardin. *By Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France. 1936.*

(Eduard Korrodi in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich)

WHAT a simple world this would be if we could all retire with Voltaire's Candide to cultivate our gardens! A savant, tired of dreary polemics, becomes absorbed in catalogues of flower bulbs, finds relaxation in the *Scientia amabalis*, and survives even a long reading of Brehm's *Life of Animals*.

This wise Candide is Georges Duhamel, who, oppressed with the burdensome honor of becoming one of the Forty Immortals, sometimes retires to his own garden. His new book begins just at the point where Voltaire's *Candide* ends. He shows that he deserves his garden by writing about it. He is lucky enough to have avoided the modern horticultural magazines, from which he could hardly have failed to learn that a modern Candide must talk enthusiastically of such matters as the 'technology' of the garden, of the invention of an implement which releases man from the necessity of 'lowering himself' to the ground to pull out the weeds, permitting him to stand erect, at a distance becoming to one of the Lords of Creation. Georges Duhamel prefers to bow down to the earth, for the earth has inspired this charming book on the philosophy of the garden.

Duhamel writes delightfully of everyday happenings. His family is working busily at the task of preserving currants and strawberries, and an economist, happening to drop in, declares that theirs is a medieval practice, and that canned fruit is far cheaper. There is no excuse for such an error in economics.

'Stop, sir! Do you suppose a grocer can sell me the best, the most vital part of my own preserves?' 'What do you mean?' 'The fragrance! The house is full of it! The world would be a sad place without that fragrance.'

The rationalist stares. Duhamel explains: '"The truth is that we preserve fruit only because of its fragrance. When it is ready for eating, we throw it away." I say this with great lyrical rhythm, to delude the learned gentleman. Though of course it is not quite true; eating our preserves, we recollect their fragrance.'

Duhamel's defense of nature is sly and witty. He listens to her and marks what she says. He thinks her a good deal more than a still-life.

A young cherry tree speaks to its neighbor, a pear: 'I always bloom early. Not because I want to be conspicuous, I assure you. I am modesty itself. But the tradition of our honorable family is to bloom before the others.' The cherry tree boasts of its veil of lovely blossoms, of the garment of loveliness that drops from it when its blooming is over. A poem. . . . 'And you, neighbor, what have you to show us?' The neighbor replies, gruffly, that its business is pears—if it is not bothered too much. A crippled apple tree whispers: 'I do what I can.'

The time arrives. The cherry tree stands in full bloom and even gives a few cherries. The pear tree is on strike, but the apple tree in the shade is generous. Ten years elapse. The apple tree enchants by its generosity; the pear tree bears nothing at all; and the cherry has nothing to give but its fireworks and a breakfast for the sparrows.

Duhamel's fables and dialogues have no

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morals tacked on to them, but point to an inexhaustible wonder at nature's fantasies. The barren cherry tree makes fun of its fruit-bearing colleague, for although it has borne innumerable cherries, it presents a sad picture by the time June has come, its branches broken, a scarecrow hanging from its boughs, a ladder leaning against it. The barren tree boasts its caution and its chastity.

The owner of the garden passes by sullenly. 'We'll cut this one down. It'll be good to make a box out of, anyway!' This may seem a moralistic fable, but: —

'By Jove,' the good tree, trembling, says, after the owner has gone, 'wouldn't it have been wiser to have put up with a little trouble? What he said must be awful for you!' 'Oh! Don't worry! He says that every year, but he never does it. He needs me. I belong in the row!'

The creatures of the garden stimulate Duhamel's contemplative spirit. An ant-hill shows him that even among the ants there are idlers. The unemployed ant fills Duhamel with admiration for the ant-state, which has so arranged things that even unemployed ants need not go hungry.

There is nothing of the science of horticulture in these *Fables de mon Jardin;* but they are written with a masterly simplicity.

The Isles of Greece

Cyclades. *A. de Marignac. Illustrated by M. E. Wrede. Athens: Kaufmann. 1936.*

(Samuel Baud-Bovy in the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva)

IT TAKES courage to make into a book today the notes and impressions gathered during a stay in Greece. The fashion of taking a cruise has brought us such an influx of hastily written books that one may well hesitate to increase their number by a book of one's own. How is it possible to avoid both disheartening banality and insufferable affectation, the two perils of 'traveling through Greece?'

By simplicity, replies the little book which our young compatriot, Mr. A. de Marignac, has just dedicated to the Cyclades. Like, once, Frederick Boissonnas and his friend Baud-Bovy, he went from one to another of the islands in a sailing ship, jotting down with scrupulous conscientiousness everything he saw, everything he heard, and everything he thought. The young Greek girl in Naxos who offered him some *glyko* at her white house—he tells us her name and her desire to become 'Miss Hellas.' Jacques Boulenger, who saw her before our author (it must be the same girl: the descriptions are so much alike), made her one of the heroines of that charming fantasy, *Les Soirs de l'Archipel.*

With pleasing naïveté, Mr. de Marignac tells us about his fears: that his companion on the cruise might prove to be a dunce; that he would not find Mycenæ as beautiful as his Athenian friends had said it was; that the emotion which he would experience in Delos would be 'an artificial one produced by a laborious overheating of the imagination.' But the pleasure which he felt on finding his apprehensions to be groundless, his joy in discovering himself at the same time he discovered Greece—these are contagious. The value of this book lies in its youthful gaiety, and in the vivacity with which it was *lived* before it was written.

I feel grateful to Mr. de Marignac, who speaks modern Greek, for having been able to enjoy the smiling simplicity of the Greek people, for not having wanted to distress his muleteer from Milos by confessing that he was not an archæologist but only an 'insignificant little writer making his début.' He has known how to translate this simplicity into his style: 'A few steps away from the sea, near the well, at the place where the sandy path divides in two, I give my address to the *agoyate*, who expects to come to Athens soon to marry off his daughter. The man draws us some water from the well; we drink it one after another: the archæolo-

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gist, the *agoyate*, the donkey and the dog. Then we take our leave of one another.' These lines express convincingly the author's regret at having to part with so pleasant a traveling companion.

Mr. de Marignac's book is illustrated with drawings and water colors by an English painter, Mrs. M. E. Wrede. The water colors are full of enchanting poetical feeling, and the drawings show admirable precision and the ability to suggest much with a few strokes.

Paul Valéry, who posed for Mrs. Wrede and who has had no occasion to regret it, has written an introduction to the volume. I shall borrow his conclusion: 'Happy is the author whose fine narrative has been ornamented by a running commentary of sketches as delicate and as well suited to fill the white spaces of the pages as are these. One may well envy him both his charming trip and his charming book . . .'

Since Daguerre

LA VIEILLE PHOTOGRAPHIE, DEPUIS DAGUERRE JUSQU'À 1870. *By Henri Jonquières. Paris: René Helleu. 1936.*

(Michel Vaucaire in *Crapouillot*, Paris)

A VERY fine book about old photographs has just appeared. It is a subject which up to now has not greatly tempted either historians or collectors. It was only a few years ago that the artistic value of photos began to be recognized. But while there are thousands of dealers in paintings and prints in Paris, there is not a single shop which sells old photos. Lacking collectors, the masterpieces of the beginnings of photography have almost all disappeared, like popular engravings.

Poor photography, so long unrecognized! Thumb through Henri Jonquières's book, and you will understand that it is high time to rehabilitate it. No sooner was it invented than, like printing, it began to produce masterpieces. The incunabula of photography—that is the fitting term for the work of Daguerre and his pupils before 1870.

Believe me, they have never been surpassed. The photography of today has doubtless perfected technical details, the taking of snapshots, the developing; but it has not surpassed nor even equalled the excellent taste shown by the first photographers. After you examine Jonquières's book you begin to perceive the kinship between a photo and a painting. The photographic landscapes are done in the spirit of Courbet, Theodore Rousseau, and particularly Corot.

Once photography and painting lived in harmony side by side. It was only later that the term 'photographic' became an insult when applied to a painter's work. Today photography and painting are far apart. They are the hostile sister arts. The one is proud of its color; the other, of its accuracy.

The Museum of Decorative Arts recently assembled a large exhibition of photos. I should not like to annoy my contemporaries, but the truth is that it was the 'retrospective' section of the exhibition which called forth the most admiration. Too many of today's photographers are first of all technicians. Once they used to be artists.

Why should not the painters of 1936 have some samples of photography to show, side by side with their paintings? Photography requires the same feeling for composition, the same eye for detail. Good photography is not the result of pure chance. Looking through the marvelous specimens that Jonquières has collected, one observes that the best ones are all the work of two or three men.

There is no reason why a Nadar, for one, should not be given a much higher place in the history of French art than a Bonnat. Nadar's work cannot even be compared to Bonnat's.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

NEUTRALITY. *New York: Columbia University Press. 1936.* Volume II: THE NAPOLEONIC PERIOD. *By W. Allison Phillips and Arthur H. Reede. 339 pages. $3.75.* Volume III: THE WORLD WAR PERIOD. *By Edgar Turlington. 267 pages. $3.75.* Volume IV: TODAY AND TOMORROW. *By Philip C. Jessup. 237 pages. $2.75.*

CAN WE STAY OUT OF WAR? *By Phillips Bradley. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1936. 288 pages. $2.75.*

DIPLOMACY AND PEACE. *By R. R. Mowat. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1936. 295 pages. $2.50.*

M-DAY. *By Rose M. Stein. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. 398 pages. $2.50.*

THE excellent historical, economic and legal discussion of neutrality prepared under the direction of Columbia University has now been continued and completed. Part 1 of Volume II is an analysis of the rôles played by belligerents and neutrals during the conflicts of the period 1792–1812; Part 2 treats of the effects upon the commerce and economics of the neutrals, notably the United States, the Scandinavian countries, and Germany. The work is carried on in the same spirit of exact scholarship that characterized the initial volume of the series; it is unfortunate, however, that there runs through Professor Phillips's section that vein of special pleading that is so typical of the work of many Britishers who have to treat of the French Revolution. The familiar contemptuous attitude toward Napoleon is to be found here; as is also the old justification of the British policy of strangulating neutral trade.

Professor Phillips leans heavily on Admiral Mahan, apparently unaware of the fact that by now competent American scholars have written off the admiral's opinions as untrustworthy on the ground of their extreme British bias. As regards America's entry into the War of 1812, Professor Phillips can see no causes other than the successful culmination of Napoleon's plotting. Thus he writes: 'Napoleon had every reason to be satisfied with the result of his diplomacy, which had deceived Madison and his advisers into believing that the responsibility for continuing the violation of neutral rights now rested upon Great Britain alone.' In fairness it should be noted that the effect of his prejudices is considerably softened by the excellent chapter on the United States written in Part 2 by Mr. Reede, an American scholar.

Volume III continues the narrative, the bridge between the Napoleonic Wars and the World War being made through the highly competent preface of the editor, Professor Jessup. By 1914 the following rules had the sanction of law: 1. Paper blockades were illegal. 2. Free ships made for free goods, *i.e.*, neutral goods were safe on neutral ships and indeed on belligerent ships if the articles were not contraband and not destined for a blockaded port. 3. Absolute contraband was held to apply strictly to goods used in war and destined for an enemy country; however, the principle of continuous voyage was applied here. 4. Conditional contraband applied to goods used by civilian populations which were susceptible of wartime use; but continuous voyage did not hold.

In Volume III Professor Turlington indicates how, step by step, belligerents in the World War—meaning, obviously, Great Britain—proceeded on the basis of 'sovereign right' to place under their control all those neutrals who were trading with the enemy. The bill of particulars is a long one: the distinction between absolute and conditional contraband was broken down; the list of contraband was amplified; the rule of blockade was openly flouted; embargoes were placed on commodities needed by neutrals, and belligerents' own nationals were forbidden to have dealings with neutrals known to be trading with the enemy; neutral ships which chanced to be in belligerent ports were seized instead of waiting for capture on the high seas. The dire effects of such policies on the economies of neutral powers are presented in considerable detail.

In the face of such developments, Professor Jessup, writing in Volume IV, is prepared to admit that the concept of neutrality demands serious reconsideration. He notes an increasing willingness in the United States to abandon neutral rights; and he reads the meaning of

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current American legislation in that light. Correctly, he points out that 'profits or peace' will determine America's attitude toward the next general conflict; and because, realistically considered, complete American isolation is an economic impossibility, he seeks to formulate a program that will leave us some trade without carrying with it the danger of our entanglement.

Professor Jessup's plan calls for a united front of all neutrals to deter belligerent violations and on the basis of the maintenance of reasonable neutral trade. He is prepared to see neutral embargoes on arms, munitions and implements of war; embargoes on shipments to belligerents of raw materials like oil, cotton, rubber, steel, and iron; also embargoes on the export of capital. He is ready to advocate drastic measures even in the case of foodstuffs. In short, only normal inter-neutral trade will keep us out of trouble, and this can be effected only on the basis of the keeping of the faith by all neutrals. Professor Jessup denies justly that neutrals in the long run profit from wartime business, and he makes quite an eloquent plea for peace. He says: 'The country as a whole draws no lasting economic advantage from neutrality, and it is fallacious to build a policy on the assumption that it does. . . . In time of neutrality we must take the losses which cannot be avoided, hoping thereby to escape the greater losses which follow in the wake of peace.'

This is honestly reasoned, has the fine ring of conviction, and therefore is all to the good. One may question, however, whether sound neutrality legislation, even backed up by formal agreements among nations not having anything to gain immediately from war, will produce the desired results. The same doubt insistently arises in connection with Professor Bradley's excellent work. As an introduction to the whole question, *Can We Stay out of War?* is easily the best one-volume presentation currently available. The author is deeply indebted to Charles A. Beard's theoretical analysis of the nature of American national interest, and, like his mentor, he accepts the thesis—as who does not?—that our business interest will involve us in conflict.

Professor Bradley's program, prepared independently, is much like Professor Jessup's: rigid embargoes on arms, munitions and implements of war, and on loans and credits should be imposed; credits to neutrals are to be under Government surveillance; travel in belligerent ships and in war-zones generally should be prohibited; international trade only should be conducted and this on the basis of a licensing system to prevent trans-shipment to belligerents.

Professor Bradley knows the severe economic penalties such a program would impose on the United States, and he thinks it will work if the tocsin of alarm is constantly sounded. It is significant to note that neither he nor Professor Jessup is prepared to consider or call upon any unofficial agencies in the cause of peace: the students, the organized workers and farmers, and the like. One may question whether legislation and inter-neutral agreements alone will do the trick. Essentially, peace will be maintained, if it can be, only through extra-legal devices.

Diplomacy and Peace is irritating and occasionally amusing. It is a discursive and anecdotal recital—done with that extraordinary erudition that so many British scholars can command—of the differences between the old and the new diplomacy. The former was in the care of the professionals, who were affable and cynical upper-middle class representatives to whom negotiation was a business. Today, diplomacy is the concern of politicians, who cannot differentiate between the functions of policy and negotiation. The thesis, presented ramblingly, is amazingly unreal: presumably trade, finance, colonies and struggles for markets have nothing to do with peace and war. One random observation of the author must suffice to show his general attitude: 'A steadily pursued, traditional policy is not likely to produce war because other governments come to know this policy and to take it into their calculations; but policy dependent on a changing legislature is liable to breed fear and uncertainty abroad, and so to lead to war crises.' In short, only the Metternichs can maintain world sanity!

Miss Stein's book is of an altogether different temper. Poorly organized and occasionally revealing judgment based on bias rather than considered opinion, it is nevertheless one of the truly significant books of the day. Miss Stein writes with excitement and has a story to tell —one that merits the serious attention of all intelligent people. *M-Day* simply means the first day of mobilization when America enters war; and Miss Stein adequately reveals that the War Department is ready with its plans.

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The whole manpower of the nation is to be conscripted, whether for military or industrial purposes; agencies of opinion and intelligence of course will come under complete control; and business is to be regulated—under the profit system, naturally. In short, we are in for as complete a taste of military-Fascist control as the keenest American admirers of Hitler and Mussolini might wish.

Miss Stein hopes we can do something about it, and her opinions are no better and no worse than those of most of us. The book's importance arises from the dramatic way in which the author makes public and points out the implications of the War Department's preparations. Her summary of the reasons why we got into the late war is a little less than adequate, but Miss Stein—as any reader of the Nye Committee findings must know—does not distort the rôle of the business and financial interests. The recent conspiracy of silence against the book is one of the curiosities of our day.

—Louis M. Hacker

Eastern Industrialization and its Effect upon the West: With Special Reference to Great Britain and Japan. *By G. E. Hubbard, assisted by Denzil Baring, with a conclusion by T. E. Gregory. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. 395 pages. $7.00.*

During the 1936 Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations one of the major topics to be discussed will be—quoting from Lord Astor's Foreword to the present volume—'the international aims and results, in the Pacific, of the social, economic, and political policies of the countries most intimately connected with that area.' A vast subject, of which one sub-division—that of 'Eastern Industrialization'—was assigned to a body of experts associated with the Royal (British) Institute of International Affairs, and by them made the point of departure for a broad, painstaking and extremely thorough investigation.

The principal results of that investigation are contained in Mr. Hubbard's book, which for scope, range of information, historical and technical value easily ranks with such classic studies as Orchard's *Japan's Economic Position*, Cressey's *China's Geographic Foundations* and the *Economic Handbook of the Pacific Area*, issued by the Pacific Institute in 1934 under the able editorship of Frederick V. Field.

An introductory survey on 'Competition in World Markets' shows, with the aid of carefully checked statistical material, the relentless penetration of the Orient into markets formerly dominated by the West. Next follow special surveys—each a monograph in miniature—of the situation in Japan, China, India, and Great Britain. In each case the emphasis is placed upon the character, development, quantitative and qualitative peculiarities of the industrial production, factory management, labor and capital relationships of the country. The general picture which emerges from the mass of factual evidence is one of tremendous economic potentialities, which, under Japanese leadership, are being ruthlessly exploited at the expense of British imperialist interests. In his shrewd 'Conclusion,' however, Prof. T. E. Gregory shows where the economic contradictions lie:—

'A complete industrialization of the East would obviously involve enormous sums, only a portion of which can be supplied locally. . . . The conclusion seems obvious that either the process of industrialization will take decades to accomplish, so that the dreaded complete supersession of the western industrial system by the eastern is on this ground a chimera; or, if the pace of industrialization is to be accelerated, western capital must assist.'

Whatever the practical outcome of the struggle between Occident and Orient, the actual processes of this struggle are brilliantly indicated in this compact volume.

—Harold Ward

India's New Constitution: A Survey of the Government of India Act, 1935. *By G. P. Eddy and F. H. Lawton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. 239 pages. $2.10.*

The subtitle of this work portrays accurately its scope and contents: it is a careful analysis by two British lawyers of the contents of the Act of Parliament under which India will probably be governed for some years to come. Primarily a work of exposition and explanation, it is admirably arranged and indexed to enable anyone to obtain precise and authoritative information on any specific topic or section of the Act in which he may be interested. It should further be of great value as giving a clear picture of the actual constitutional arrangements of India, and its intelligent use should do much to prevent rash and

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ignorant statements about British government in India.

At the same time it does not go beyond the Act: it explains neither the political situation which produced it nor the conditions to which it is to apply. A brief introductory chapter is indeed devoted to a statement of past constitutional developments and to a description of the dyarchy preceding the present arrangements, but it is far too short to inform. Alone, therefore, the work will be of little value to those who know nothing of India.

It makes clear, however, that the three achievements of the present Act are provisions for All-India Federation, provincial autonomy, and responsibility with safeguards. The safeguards are considerable, and a reading of the work suggests how far India still is from self-government and Dominion status, even if it also reveals that some progress, however slow, has been made since the Crown took it over from the East India Company in 1858. Finally, the authors give no conclusions about the Act as a whole and pass no judgments, even from the viewpoint of the constitutional lawyer.

—T. I. Cook

Fascism and National Socialism. *By Michael T. Florinsky. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 276 pages. $2.50.*

HOW does the Fascism of Italy differ from the National Socialism of Germany? In what ways are they similar? Dr. Florinsky's study gives us the answer in simple, almost primer-like fashion. His book is useful almost in the way that reference books like the World Almanac are useful. Here, in concise, easily-understood fashion, are the dates of the big events, the important points of the doctrines, the desired goals, and the progress (or lack of it) made toward these goals.

Except for a few back-handed slaps at the Roosevelt administration and the Soviet Union, which are dragged in for no good reason, Dr. Florinsky has been able to present his findings in a seemingly objective manner. He writes forcefully and convincingly, and the reader goes along in a contented frame of mind believing that he is getting facts and nothing but the facts—until he comes across statements like this: 'The upward trend had begun in Germany while she was still under the Marxist-Liberal régime, *just as in the U. S. it started under President Hoover*' (italics mine). This statement—certainly not a fact—makes one less confident that it is a thoroughly unbiased account he has been reading. Fortunately such obviously questionable remarks are rare, and the book, on the whole, is a good one.

—Leo Huberman

An Introduction to Contemporary German Philosophy. *By Werner Brock. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. 143 pages. $2.00.*

THIS short scholarly handbook was needed; for a world which has heard much of Nietzsche as the great German philosopher—perhaps too much—tends to be ignorant of other German philosophers since then. The only two figures of popular European repute are Spengler and Keyserling. But in Germany the former is largely a target for academic brickbats, and the latter is politely overlooked as a sort of baronial Walter B. Pitkin. Professor Brock, now in English exile, dispassionately records the outlines of development since Hegel and Nietzsche: there is treatment of Husserl's broad work on logic, Dilthey's cultural philosophy, Heidegger's new analysis of metaphysics. No name seems to stand out as of one who discovered a new relationship between philosophy and life; they are academic men, excellent in tradition. The one formal German thinker who has made recent contributions basic to sociology remains Max Weber, the author of *The Protestant Ethic and The Spirit of Capitalism.*

Professor Brock's *Introduction* suffers from the fact that it is too advanced in terminology to be a convenient layman's book, and too restricted in compass to satisfy the student.

—William Harlan Hale

International Delusions. *By George M. Stratton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. 232 pages. $2.00.*

PROFESSOR Stratton describes in popular style the psychology of nationalism, with the creation in every land of such stereotypes as: 'Our nation is unique in its devotion to peace; our armament is for defense alone; we wage only righteous wars; our life depends on what we may attain through this war; our motives are of the noblest; others are responsible; we are the elect and upright nation; in-

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dividuals must not lie, steal or kill but nations may.' He shows how such ideas are developed through social learning. Innately human beings are no more patriotic than are coyotes. His proposal is the familiar one that as courts and police keep peace among individuals or tribes, so a world state must legislate, adjudicate and enforce decisions for nations. Words, sentences and chapters are short. There is no inkling of Marx and little of any economic interests in the author's picture. Hence the title?

—Goodwin Watson

Education Before Verdun. *By Arnold Zweig. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. New York: Viking Press. 1936. 447 pages. $2.50.*

Education Before Verdun comes chronologically between *Young Woman of 1914* and *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, to form with them part of a tetralogy that will be completed by the projected novel *The Crowning of a King*. Like *Grischa* it is built on the theme of man's inhumanity to man, and on the petty and great injustices that breed like lice wherever men are given god-like power over their fellows.

Its story is the story of Bertin, of the Army Service Corps, who went into the war believing that war might be good and that good might come of it, and who learned otherwise.

Bertin was taught by his own experiences, when he became the victim of a series of petty persecutions after he gave a drink of water, against orders, to a thirsting French prisoner; and by the Kroysing affair. He met and became a friend of young Christoph Kroysing, who, because he had complained when he saw officers taking the best of the food and the supplies intended for the ranks, was shifted by his captain to the most dangerous sector of the front, and kept there until a shell killed him. He told Christoph's brother Eberhard of the affair; and both directly and indirectly thereafter he was affected by Eberhard's attempt to get vengeance.

Despite its many excellencies, one cannot help feeling that the book has not the power that it might have. The crimes against Bertin are essentially petty. The crime against Christoph, though a deliberate and even devilish piece of malice when viewed in isolation, is, when taken in conjunction with the surrounding circumstances of a war in which wanton death for the innocent was a familiar story, hardly of dramatic proportion. And the constantly shifting emphasis, now on Eberhard, now on Bertin, now on minor characters who themselves were brought into and affected by the Kroysing affair, lends a chopped-up, episodic, wastefully formless character to the book.

Which does not mean that it is an inconsiderable piece. Definitely it is worth reading, as a moving and truthful narrative. It has not the dramatic force of *Grischa*, nor the bitter and tearing intensity of that similar book *Paths of Glory*. But it is excellent in its own way, well able to stand with the best of the novels that the War has brought forth.

—Arthur Heinemann

The Rape of Africa. *By Lamar Middleton. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 1936. 331 pages. $3.00.*

One of the recurrent phenomena in literature is the writing of books for the purpose of 'revealing' the dark side of imperialism. The theme is the obvious one: how the white man in exploiting the resources of Africa killed natives, stole their land and other property, and hypocritically justified such activity at home by saying his only interest in the Dark Continent was to civilize the native and to fight slavery. This is the typical formula; and all that is necessary for each part of Africa is to give the requisite dates, names, and places.

Of this body of quasi-historical literature the present volume is one of the poorer examples. To be sure, the author has done a good deal of reading, although it is obvious that sources and very good secondary works have not been used to best advantage. The style is journalistic; in fact, one senses a labored attempt to give every sentence a head-line quality. The title shows an obviously one-sided approach, a prejudice that supplies material where facts are lacking. As to missions in Africa the book supplies practically no information, the little offered showing complete ignorance of the facts.

Without wishing to justify white imperialism in Africa, the reviewer suggests that attention be given to a point not altogether academic; namely, what would Africa have been without white imperialism, cruel as it is? Very few writers seem to realize that some of the criticism leveled at the European exploitation is valid

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only by comparison with the alternative to such imperialism. Some good can be claimed for white imperialism when one thinks of the more repellent character of Arab or Fulani exploitation.

—Harry R. Rudin

Raw Materials, Population Pressure and War. *By Sir Norman Angell. New York: World Peace Foundation. (World Affairs Books, No. 14). 1936. 46 pages. 75 cents.*

AS ITS title suggests, this small pamphlet by the eminent British pacifist attempts to analyze the economic and physical factors leading to war. Sir Norman agrees with most qualified authorities that population has little or nothing to do with the actual drive to military conquest—as witness the difficulties of promoting emigration and the irrational propaganda for more, rather than fewer births, in countries utilizing the argument. In respect to raw materials Sir Norman is convinced that the only logical solution is some effective international arrangement whereby each nation in need of basic materials could obtain them by peaceable means. His main thesis is that 'neither the struggle for raw materials nor for population outlets is normally dictated by any real economic or peace need,' but that 'both aims find their motive in military advantage. . . . For,' he believes, 'as long as nations feel themselves to be at the mercy of others, they will struggle for territory, for empire, whether it is to their economic advantage or not.'

What is not made sufficiently clear is the fundamental politico-economic forces which, in this period of extreme imperialist contradictions, compel each nation to lay plans against every other. It is a variant of the old problem: who will swallow first, the horse or the man?

—H. W.

Once We Had a Child. *By Hans Fallada. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1936. 631 pages. $2.50.*

THIS long novel is described by its author as the story of 'a man who lived the lives of his own ancestors;' but it is with weary feet that we attempt to follow Mr. Fallada's hero back into his ancestral past and forward into the life in which he does and says so many disagreeable, boorish, and brutal things. Hans Gäntschow makes himself, at his mildest, an infernal nuisance to everyone with whom he has anything to do, and his creator fails to persuade us that his sole virtue, devotion to the soil, excuses the thoroughly detestable rest of him. Mr. Fallada hammers away at proving that the events and people of his tale are somehow tremendously important, but the hammer-blows ring hollow; the earthy, robust countryfolk are only soiled pasteboard.

All of this exaggerated ado about so very little is to be laid to its author's almost desperate and perfectly understandable effort to write in a way that will lend significance to things in themselves insignificant or even false. We shall do better to seek for modern Germany's representative fiction in the pages of *Der Stürmer* than in such head-in-the-sand story books.

—Henry Bennett

The Baroness. *By Ernst Wiechert. Translated from the German by Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 1936. 295 pages. $2.50.*

IN THE sixth edition of Naumann's history of modern German literature, which was issued after the triumph of Fascism, a page is given to Ernst Wiechert in the section which follows that on the leader-cult. In *The Baroness* Wiechert describes the unspoken understanding that develops between the Baroness and the peasant soldier, who returns from the dead after twenty years to become pure of heart and kill the bird of death. The irrationalism and primitivism of the story are part of the philosophical background of Fascism.

—Joseph Kresh

In the Second Year. *By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 311 pages. $2.50.*

IN some measure a British counterpart of *It Can't Happen Here*, Miss Jameson's anti-Fascist novel is far too good to miss. Most of us have ploughed through quasi-novels full of the misapplied skill of the pamphleteer, who has succeeded only in transmuting the bare bones of doctrine into unconvincing narrative. Here is something very different, a piece of work which concerns itself with vital issues and is yet a thoroughly interesting story with recognizable human beings for characters.

—H. B.

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AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A Symposium—II

WITH the collapse of Ethiopian resistance and the failure of the League of Nation's sanctions to stop Italian agression, the question of how best to preserve the peace of Europe and the world becomes more urgent than ever. Newspaper dispatches report that while the Left parties in France, which won a signal victory in the recent elections, are likely to pursue a policy more friendly to the League of Nations than that of the Laval and Sarraut Governments, there is a considerable amount of French public opinion which favors withdrawal from the League. In Britain, too, the friends of the League are discomfited and discredited, and it seems likely that that nation will return to something like the 'splendid isolation' which it attempted, unsuccessfully, to establish before the World War. At the same time there is talk of recasting the Covenant of the League in such a way as to eliminate Article XVI and thus frankly admit that that organization cannot and should not attempt to prevent armed conflicts in which major powers have an interest.

But students of the history of the League of Nations recall that the men who drew up the Covenant did not believe that in doing so they were creating a certain guaranty of peace. They conceived of the League as a continuing conference between the powers great and small, in which minor conflicts could be solved and major conflicts discussed, and the outbreak of hostilities thus delayed. The League was not to be a super-government but an instrument which might or might not be used in the prevention of war according as the major powers chose.

When the United States failed to ratify the Treaty, even this modest aim had to be contracted. Thus the success of the League in solving the Aland Islands dispute and the Corfu incident was more surprising to students of its structure than was its failure to prevent or stop the wars in South America and Manchuria.

The resort to sanctions in the case of Italy versus Ethiopia was the first serious effort to prevent a conflict in which a strongly armed power had an interest. And it is safe to say that the effort was made primarily because of the desire of Great Britain to keep Italy from establishing a large and powerful colony on the Red Sea, and failed because France considered it more important to her own interest to preserve the friendship of Italy for possible use against Germany than to establish a 'collective system' of security.

Today the League stands at the crossroads. Theoretically it is still possible for it to become what its most ardent supporters hoped it might become: the embryo of a super-state. But it seems more likely that it will become less even than what it has been: a center around which will be gathered such international services as the control of the drug traffic, the traffic in women and children, etc., but not in any degree a preserver of the peace.

In determining the future of the League and consequently of world peace, it is again possible for the United States to play a decisive rôle, just as it was in 1920. In that year we decided to have nothing to do with the problems of Europe, and our decision has colored the history of the succeeding years. Shall we continue on the path on which we have traveled, or shall we reverse our stand and attempt belatedly, but perhaps not too late, to stem the tide which seems to be leading to a second World War? That is the problem which confronts us today.

Thus the questions which The Living

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AGE put to its Advisory Council last month do not become academic in the light of the latest developments; rather do they assume a new importance. For the answers to them reflect the public opinion which is to determine our decision on this most vital issue. Those questions were:—

1. Do you believe that the United States should or should not become a member of the League of Nations or coöperate in its sanctions?

2. What do you believe to be the wisest neutrality policy for the United States?

ONE of the most thoughtful of the many replies we have received comes from Clyde Eagleton, Professor of Government at New York University. Professor Eagleton writes:—

The first and most fundamental question is: is there anything more important than peace? It is surprising to me that there are so many people in the United States who answer 'no' to this question, because a negative answer seems to me entirely out of harmony with American character and tradition. Such a position is contrary to all history and all political experience. Men, and especially Americans, have always put justice and liberty above peace, and other things at various times. So civilization has been builded. There have always been some things worth fighting for; and when I have asked this question of audiences or of students who have taken the Oxford pledge, they have nearly always been able to think of something for which they would be willing to fight. A true passive resister is one so emotionally disturbed by war that he is willing to sacrifice the gains of civilization in order to placate his own feelings. One may sympathize; it is, nevertheless, an anti-social attitude.

Most persons admit that it is necessary to use force to uphold certain principles of importance to humanity against those who, for their own ends, would use force in violation of these principles. This being so, the next question is: who should use this force? The lesson of history is that force must be made the monopoly of the organized community, to be used only by the authorized agents of the community to uphold the law established in the community. This explains the origin of all government. Individuals are both unable and unwilling to take the risk of defending themselves; they prefer—except the criminal—to submit to the law of the community in order to obtain the protection of the community.

It is the same principle which confronts the community of nations today. Law and government always arise with a conflict of ambitions and desires. As these conflicts increase in number, men must choose between eternal fighting to achieve their ends or submission to a law in return for which they may expect a government, with its overwhelming physical force, to protect their rights under the law. Modern interdependence is bringing that problem to nations today. Most of the states of the world, particularly European states, have felt this increasing pressure and as human beings happily do, have preferred to build a system of law between themselves. This system —the League of Nations—is naturally inefficient in its beginning; but such a system is the only alternative to continual fighting in the continual disputes between peoples. In the long run, there are only two alternatives: to use our own army and navy to defend our rights or to join in with all to defend the rights of each.

This, of course, rests upon the assumption that there are some things which we think are worth defending. Our present attitude, reflected in the neutrality legislation recently passed by Congress, seems to deny this. It is an amazing attitude, entirely inconsistent with American character; indeed, no other state in the world has even thought of taking such a position. We notify the world through this legislation that any state may go to war and that we will do nothing to stop it; that it may conduct the war as it pleases without fear of interference from us; that we will accept all insults and injuries. It is an open invitation to the criminal to proceed with his crime—for aggressive war is now regarded as a crime by peoples everywhere. Civilization was never builded upon such supine surrender to crime.

This is a unique form of neutrality, confined to the United States, though out of harmony with the American people. But neutrality as a general principle must today be regarded as immoral, impracticable, and dangerous. It is immoral because the right should be defended against the wrong; it is impracticable because

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under modern interdependence it is impossible for a neutral to be impartial; it is dangerous because if its neutral rights are maintained, this can be done only by fighting for them, as we did in our two greatest wars. And if neutral rights are maintained, we surrender all to the criminal and invite him to attack us.

Why should anyone have to suffer loss or even inconvenience simply because two states are seized with the hydrophobia of war? Why not stop the war instead of stopping or embarrassing the activities of the rest of the world? It is an absurd idea that everyone must meekly submit whenever criminals break loose. As between individuals, we would not even think of permitting it; why should we as between states?

Of course, it will cost something to stop war. But it costs quite a lot to carry on a national war or even to suffer the loss of surrendering neutral rights. If there is to be such a cost, I would prefer to have it expended for a good rather than a bad cause—for preventing rather than encouraging war. And I am sure that through collective action the cost would be reduced by division and by the reduction of war.

This is the lesson of political experience, and I know of no other answer. We have tried isolation in vain; disarmament has been futile; the Kellogg Pact (outlawry of war) is impotent; our neutrality legislation is obviously absurd. One after another, states violate the law and outrage human feelings—Japan, Germany, Italy. The League of Nations would be weak without us; it has been hamstrung by our failure to coöperate in economic sanctions.

It is hopeful that Americans are now so interested in the League. Their ideas are badly confused but their hearts are in the right place. We still believe in justice and in maintaining it if necessary by force. I am sure that we will ultimately adopt the principle of collective security in international affairs as we have in domestic affairs.

A SOMEWHAT similar view is that of Mr. Nathaniel M. Hubbard Jr., executive Vice-President of the Navy League of the United States and, of course, a sincere believer in the ultimate authority of force. Mr. Hubbard writes in part:—

So far as the League of Nations and its accomplishments are concerned, I have never thought that it could be made of much value in the preservation of world peace, except it was instrumented with force. Its organization lends itself to the control of European powers and their alliances. The attitude of mind of nations which believe themselves to lack either sufficient territory or sufficient natural resources for their proper economic development will not, in my judgment, be influenced in their aggressive policies by preachments. The history of the human race is quite convincing that human nature is practically static; and all human progress has had to adjust itself to those static qualities.

As the fate of world peace is largely in the hands of European nations, and that family of nations is not a congenial one, joining the League of Nations by the United States would in all probability have the same effect on it as usually follows when an individual interferes in any family row. To join in sanctions would involve us in unforseeable difficulties, economic as well as military.

No statutory formula for preserving our neutrality is thinkable—if you think it through. If all the nations of the world would adopt a similar statutory formula, then it would become essentially a formula of international law pertaining to neutrality. Embargoes are pregnant with dangers. If applied by other nations against us in a war in which we are a participant, they might work to our serious disadvantage, and we cannot afford to disregard that contingency. A war embargo which is not enforced 100 per cent would fail to preserve our neutrality and no embargo has ever reached that percentage of enforcement. Their violation is too profitable.

Probably the most effective way to preserve the neutrality of a nation is to acquire and maintain sufficient maritime strength to render it an unwelcome antagonist in the pending war.

MANY of our correspondents express regret that the United States did not join the League when it was set up but feel that it would be a mistake to do so now. This view is well stated by Mr. George W. Coleman, president of Boston's Ford Hall Forum. Mr. Coleman says:—

From the beginning I have been consistently in favor of the League of Nations and regretful that the United States did not play its part in

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full membership in the League. Notwithstanding the growing opinion in this country against the League and against our participation in the World Court, I am still of the same mind.

It is true that the present League, with the United States, Japan and Germany not in its membership, has lost power and prestige. The League was not strong enough to enforce its decision with reference to Japan's action in Manchukuo and it has been able to do only a little better in the Italo-Ethiopian situation. In fact so far as all major matters are concerned, the League at this juncture would seem to be doomed, unless something develops very soon to indicate that the League's machinery and influence is still potent.

Under these circumstances one can hardly be a thick-and-thin advocate and supporter of the League as now constituted. Nevertheless I am persuaded that it was a fateful mistake when the United States did not take its place in the League at its inception.

The question of what is the wisest neutrality policy for the United States under the present circumstances is of course closely related to the subject of our relationship to the League. I cannot help feeling instinctively with the overwhelming opinion of my fellow citizens that the United States should maintain strict neutrality with reference to the next Great War, whether it is confined to Europe or spreads to the Orient. Whether the coming war is widespread, or as a European conflict grows more desperate, it is a question if the United States can keep out of it, try as hard as it may.

But I think there is a moral as well as a material side to this question of neutrality for us. So far as one can see, we would unquestionably be far better off materially to keep out of it entirely. But in school and church we were all brought up to despise the priest and Levite who passed by on the other side and to admire the good Samaritan. The cases may not be wholly parallel but there is enough of a likeness between them to stagger our idealism, if we take the stand of the priest and Levite and say: 'It's a dirty mess for which we are not responsible and so would much better keep out of it.'

ANOTHER interesting statement comes from Silas Bent, author, lecturer, journalist and free-lance writer. Mr. Bent states:—

In a lucid interval, Mussolini has said: 'Europe has grown too small for war. Within forty minutes after war starts the capitals of Europe would be so demolished that it would take fifty years to rebuild them.' And Hitler, the other principal disturber in the situation abroad, has made statements as peaceful, although not so graphic.

All of us are familiar with the menacing suavities of dictators and diplomats. But I am persuaded that neither Germany nor Italy wants a Continental war because neither can afford it. Their gold stocks are so negligible that both of them for years have carried on foreign purchases only on condition that an equal value of goods be ordered from Germany or from Italy. That is, they have been reduced to barter. I am told that under this arrangement one American firm got half a million dollars' worth of German harmonicas!

Although the United States has taken a far more active part in the affairs of the League of Nations than most of our citizens realize, and has done a deal of good thereby, I am skeptical whether, as at present functioning, the League is a club we ought to join. It has lost a great deal of prestige lately, and from the first its air has been somewhat the atmosphere of an I-Got-Mine Club. If we were a member, we would be obligated to observe sanctions whenever and wherever imposed by the majority, and that is not a position conducive to our peace. As things are, I believe there is no danger for years to come of another World War.

OF THE many letters received from members of our Advisory Council who believe that we should join the League now one of the clearest and briefest comes from Dr. E. Gordon Bill, Dean of the Faculty of Dartmouth College:—'Starting from the assumption that it is impossible for any nation of the importance of the United States of America to live unto itself alone,' Dean Bill says,

I am driven to believe that open and active participation in the League of Nations, instead of some sporadic action into which we are simply bound some time to be driven, is our only logical procedure. Moreover I am inclined to believe that if the United States of America had been a member of the League of Nations since its formation, the condition of the world as regards peace would have been greatly improved.

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DR. YANDELL HENDERSON considers the question 'as a physiologist and a student of human and animal behavior,' and comes to the conclusion that 'we should let other nations cut each other's throat without help or hindrance from us.' Dr. Henderson, who is professor of applied physiology at Yale, writes as follows:—

The most effective contribution that America can make toward world peace, or at least toward limitation of the next world war, is to refuse to pay for it. The best reason for refusing to pay for it is that we should certainly not be repaid; and the best hope on that score comes from the fact that the debts left by the Great War have in effect been repudiated. And without supplies from America, based on loans—the 'worst form of contraband'—the European powers probably could not again carry on a general war for as much as a year.

The most serious hazard for us arises from the fact that—as in the matter of oil for Italy—there are still possibilities for profit for some of our industries in a European war. There are also among our people always two elements that tend sooner or later to advocate war. They are first the ultra-righteous, who 'see a moral issue,' and second those imitative and suggestible people—a large element—who are excited by the sounds of battle and the sight of blood. As Voltaire, himself a pacifist, sadly admitted, 'Man is a carnivorous animal.' And he meant, I take it, that a dog-fight tends strongly to draw in other dogs. If a dog could put his feelings into words, he would probably explain that he 'went into a fight that did not concern him out of sympathy for the under dog,' thereby making the upper dog an under dog, and drawing in yet other dogs to right that wrong. To me, as a physiologist and student of animal and human behavior, that appears to be the best explanation of why America goes into European wars.

Instead of going in under our animal instincts, we should treat the League of Nations as essentially a European organization in which we are not concerned; and we should use our influence to keep the nations of the rest of the world from becoming embroiled in wars that are primarily European. We should aim that future historians may not have occasion to paraphrase Macauley's celebrated statement to the effect that 'because Frederic wanted a piece of Silesia, redmen scalped each other by the Great Lakes of America, and brown men slaughtered each other in Coromandel.'

We should learn from other nations to revise international law in accord with our own vital interests—just as they do; and we should have a strong enough navy to enforce that revision.

We are not British colonials—as the British and some Americans would have us. But we are vitally interested in the economic organization of the world that centers and banks in London. Stanley Baldwin has said that 'England has a frontier on the Rhine.' And our Secretary of State might well announce that America has a frontier on the English Channel; but he should add that we have no vital interest a foot beyond that frontier. This new kind of Monroe doctrine would also cover all English speaking countries such as Australia and New Zealand.

But we should leave China to be absorbed by Japan, if Japan is able to absorb it; and Germany to effect the *Anschluss* with Austria and organize Middle Europe, if she is able. We should continue to refuse any support to the Treaty of Versailles and the 'dog-in-the-manger' policy of France. We may deplore the fate of southern Tyrol, but we should not try to right that or any similar wrong.

The Governments of other countries look first to the vital interests of their peoples. Why should not our Government also? Once, back in 1913, I sat from 3:30 P.M. of one day until 3:30 A.M. of the next day in the gallery of the House of Commons—twelve hours continuously. And in one of the first of those hours I heard Sir Edward Grey discuss the diplomacy of the Second Balkan War. He had, he said, done everything he could for international righteousness and the welfare of Europe. 'But,' he would stop to assert as he looked about the House, 'I have *never* neglected British interests.' And the full benches rumbled, 'Hear, hear.'

The American government should imitate that example and do all that it can for international righteousness and world welfare, but subject to the proviso of never neglecting vital American interests. Our most vital interest is peace for ourselves. And to maintain that interest we should let other nations cut each other's throat without help or hindrance from us. In other words, barring impairment of a

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vital American interest, we should resist our canine impulse to get into the fight.

ANOTHER University man, Dr. Comfort A. Adams, Lawrence Professor of Engineering at Harvard University, tells us that 'the subject in question is one in which I am deeply interested and on which I have decided views.' Dr. Adams believes that:—

One of the greatest mistakes that the United States Government ever made was its failure to join the League of Nations at the start. In my opinion most of the recent eruptions in Europe and Asia would have been prevented if we had been members of the League. Our attitude as to the League and as to the World Court seems to me not only short-sighted but petty and childish.

If time permitted I could name a dozen directions in which we are already entangled with European affairs, and inevitably so. It is foolish to talk about neutrality.

If, however, we do maintain our nominal position of neutrality, we certainly should coöperate fully in the matter of League sanctions.

A RATHER different view is that of Irving T. Bush, one of New York's most prominent industrialists. Mr. Bush believes in the theory of the League of Nations but not in its effectiveness. He holds that:—

The age-old forces of intrigue and domination by the powerful prevent its being the force for good it might be. Despite this, it is better for Europe than what went before—but for us, no. We do not belong in the quarrels of Europe and can exert a greater influence outside.

Henry Ward Beecher was once asked 'Why has Christianity failed?' and replied: 'Because it has never been tried.' This, I think, is true of the theory of the League.

So far as sanctions are concerned, I believe we should coöperate in any move toward world peace, but should determine the extent of our participation as each issue arises.

DR. JAMES E. AMENT, President of the National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Maryland, expresses regret that the United States did not join the League at the outset, but does not say what policy he believes should be followed today. Dr. Ament writes in part:—

I would like to say that I have always believed that the document prepared by President Wilson relative to the League of Nations was the most outstanding thing of its kind since the four gospels. I regret to say that it is my belief that Senator Lodge made a successful attack on it for political reasons, and I wish to say that I believe that, if we had gone into the League from the start, the whole world would be better off at this time.

DIAMETRICALLY opposed to that of Mr. Ament is the view of Mr. Harry W. Watrous, painter and President of the National Academy Association of New York. In one of the briefest and most positive statements of the many received Mr. Watrous says:—

I think that the United States was very wise in refusing to join the League of Nations, and hope that it will stay out. As to becoming involved in further foreign sanctions or entanglements, I believe that we will have enough troubles at home to keep us busy.

THE letters quoted above have been chosen almost at random from the many interesting expressions of opinions THE LIVING AGE has received in response to its questionnaire. Other letters will be published in succeeding issues.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

IN COÖPERATION with the New Jersey Joint Council on International Relations, the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.) is sponsoring an 'Institute on International Affairs for Young People,' to be held at Shawnee-on-the-Delaware, Pennsylvania, from August 22 to August 29. In addition to sports and other camp activities there will be speeches and round table discussions by such authorities as Bruce Bliven, editor of the *New Republic*, and Dr. Frank Kingdon, President of Newark University. Expenses, including board and room for the week, will be $20.00.

THE Tenth Session of the Institute of Public Affairs will be held at the University of Virginia from July 5 to July 18. Dr. Charles G. Maphis, whose leadership has made the Institute the most widely recognized public forum of its kind in America, will again assume the directorship. Round Tables will be held every morning, and Open Forum Discussions each afternoon. There will also be public lectures in the open air every evening.

IN COÖPERATION with the Institute of Pacific Relations, the University of California is offering two intensive courses in the Russian language, to be held in Berkeley in the ten weeks from June 22 to August 29. The courses are intended for mature students who wish to acquire a reading knowledge of the Russian language in the shortest possible time. The work is a continuation of the inter-university project which began with the Russian Language Section of the Harvard Summer School in 1934 and was continued at Columbia University last year. The membership is limited to thirty students, and the tuition fee is $100.00 for each course.

AT THE beginning of this year the American-Russian Institute for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union (56 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.), inaugurated a monthly bulletin, each issue of which contains at least one article based on a careful study of all the available material in both English and Russian. Current bibliographical material is also included in the bulletins. Subscriptions, at $1.50 a year, may be entered through the Institute.

ON BEHALF of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, The Catholic Association for International Peace (1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.) has published a book by John Eppstein entitled *The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*. This large volume (515 pages; $3.50) is a compendium of the teaching and traditions of the Catholic Church on international law. In it Mr. Eppstein sets forth, from the writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers, the Popes, the Schoolmen and the Theologians, the passages which mark the development of Catholic doctrine upon peace and war, military service, arbitration and the community of nations.

AT A meeting held early in April, the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union appointed an inter-American commission of experts on the codification of international law, as provided in a resolution of the Seventh International Congress, held in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1933. The Commission (which includes Victor M. Maúrtua of Peru; Alberto Cruchaga Ossa of Chile; Carlos Saavedra Lamas of Argentine; Luis Anderson Morúa of Costa Rica; Afranio de Mello Franco of Brazil; Eduardo Súarez of Mexico; and J. Reuben Clark of the United States) is to organize the preparatory work of codifying the international law of the American continents.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

difficulties about the scale of the figures; but here again the artist met them and was instructed to continue his work.

'It was not till after the big designs had been sent to Glasgow in February that Mr. Grant learnt to his amazement that the whole scheme had been rejected, apparently on the mere judgment of a Sir Percy Bates. On this a number of the most eminent critics, museum officials and connoisseurs, headed by the director of the National Gallery, wrote to Sir Percy asking him to reconsider his decision. Sir Percy was pleased to consider his own taste superior to theirs.

'Adding a piece of impertinence to the public to a private insult, he now proposes that the decorations should be given to the Tate Gallery. Apparently what is not good enough for the Cunard is good enough for the nation. The unfortunate nation, by the way, has already contributed to the building of the *Queen Mary*, and may well think that the opinion of its museum and gallery directors should not be over-ridden by a shipowner.'

But it was. [p. 328]

'THEY' is one of those inconspicuous but not insignificant phenomena which only England can produce: an article from a highly conservative financial review which, in its quiet way, does a good deal of damage to the reputations of 'the interests'—'they' who are England's real rulers. [p. 334]

THEN, for the cat lover, there is a vindication of cats. Writing in the *Spectator*, the author, Mr. Michael Joseph, indignantly denies that cats are less intelligent than other domestic animals, and proposes a test of his own which makes them come out first. [p. 336]

MR. OSBERT SITWELL is by nature whimsical, as one can plainly see by looking in *Who's Who*. There, besides stating that he obtained his education 'during the holidays from Eton,' and that he 'advocates the shutting of the Stock Exchange for 5 days out of 7,' Mr. Sitwell lists his recreations as 'lounging, lolling, and looking at landscapes.' In 'The Conspiracy of the Dwarfs' he is even more whimsical than usual. [p. 332]

'MR. SZABO,' by the Hungarian, Zsuzsa T. Thury, is a story about economic insecurity and its effect on the mind of an aging man. It comes from the *Pester Lloyd*, the Budapest pro-Fascist German-language daily. [p. 340]

OUR 'Persons' include Marshal Pietro Badoglio, conqueror, and now Viceroy, of Ethiopia; Dr. Hugo Eckener, the modest stepfather of the Zeppelins; Karlis Ulmanis, the dictator of Latvia; Mr. Ernst Lubitsch, the movie director; and Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hitler's ambassador extraordinary.

AMONG the reviewers of 'Books Abroad' this month are Rose Macaulay, the author of *Told by an Idiot;* Charles Percy Snow, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge and an authority on molecular structure; Marcel Arland, French novelist and essayist, and one time winner of the Prix Goncourt; and Paul Frischauer, Austrian novelist and author of biographies of Garibaldi and Beaumarchais.

AND our own reviewers include Louis M. Hacker, Professor of History at Columbia University, and co-author of *The United States since 1865;* Thomas I. Cook, Instructor in Government at Columbia University; William Harlan Hale, author of *Challenge to Defeat*, a book on Spengler; Goodwin Watson, Professor of Psychology at Teachers' College; and Harry R. Rudin, of the History Department of Yale University, and an authority on African imperialism.

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